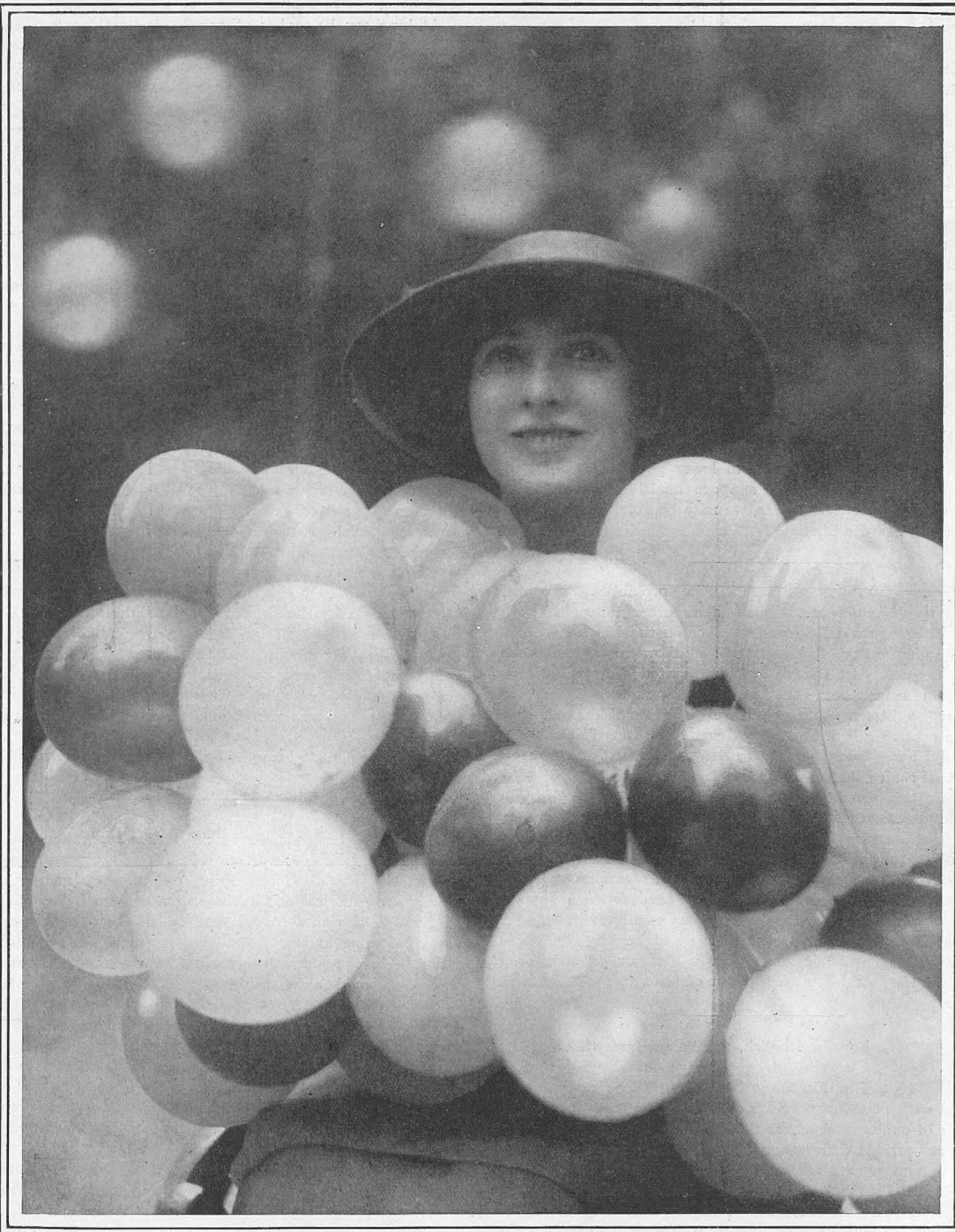


The Sketch

No. 1170.—Vol. XC.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 30, 1915.

SIXPENCE.



MANAGER OF BALLOON RACES : MISS "JULIA JAMES, OF THE GAIETY.

Miss Julia James managed "Balloon Races" the other day at the Garden Party given by Lady Lugard and Mrs. Walter Cave, at Wressil Lodge, Wimbledon

Common, in aid of Lady Lugard's Belgian Hospitality Fund. Other photographs of the function appear elsewhere in this issue.

Kodak Snapshot by Malcolm Arbuthnot.



MOTLEY NOTES

By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").



Prohibiting Veal.

I am greatly interested to read that "Mr. Acland has presented a Bill giving the Board of Agriculture power to prevent the slaughter of calves and lambs." Whatever Mr. Acland's motive may be, whether it is sentimental or utilitarian, nothing but good can come of the prohibition of veal. Many a nice man has been ruined by veal. As a lad, I used to indulge in orgies of veal and stuffing; can I do that now? Certainly not. Then, what is the result? A naturally sweet nature prematurely embittered.

This is a serious matter. Every nation is known by the national diet. We are a great nation, a splendid nation, and many other things in the way of a nation; but we should be an even finer nation still if we had never, any of us, partaken of veal. Veal is an unnatural dish; a bloodless dish; a dish—whisper it!—for the decadent.

I expect the Germans eat a great quantity of veal. If I have to be born again, and my soul enters into a calf, I pray that I shall not be born in Germany. That is a horrible thought. Fancy being stuffed with sage and onion and served up on a German table! Well, friend the reader, you never know. If you have any calf-like tendencies, if you ever feel inclined to lower your head and kick your heels in the air, you had better support this Bill of Mr. Acland's with all your might. After the war, we may be able to incorporate it in the German Statute-Book.

Plenty of Prohibition.

Whilst we are in the prohibitory humour, there are a good many other things that we should do well to place on the Black List. It is absurd to limit the sale of alcohol and still allow the nation to eat anything it chooses. As I have already pointed out, food has a tremendous influence over the national character. Take, for example, English bread. The only part of an English loaf worth eating is the crust. For my own part, ever since I arrived at years of discretion, I have firmly refused to eat any more of the crumbly part of the loaf than adheres, naturally, to the crust.

But is that the general practice? No. People eat the interior of a loaf, not because they like it, not because they think it does them good, not because they have bad teeth, but because it is a superstition that to eat the crust and leave the crumb is wasteful. Utter nonsense! Any person with a knowledge of cooking will tell you that there are exactly four hundred and seventy-three ways of utilising, in charming fashion, the crumbly part of a loaf.

Eat crust, spurn crumb, and your day will be brighter. You will laugh more, you will live longer, you will worry less over your silly little troubles. And don't force your children to eat the crumb. It is a crime.

Devastating Dishes.

For the English, as distinct from the Scottish, I should place porridge on the Black List. The English are a dauntless race, and they have battled with plates of porridge ever since the first Englishman made a tour of exploration across the Border. But no Englishman can really eat porridge with any good to himself. The Scottish can eat it with impunity, with relish, and with excellent results; it is a national dish. It belongs to the climate. But the Englishman who persists in attempting to eat porridge in England is hastening to his doom. He quarrels with his wife and family, he sulks in the train, he falls out with the head clerk, he sacks the office-boy, he has a row over the telephone. Then the porridge settles down, more or less, and he goes to lunch.

At luncheon he makes other mistakes. He eats Stilton cheese, for example, and radishes! Why are not Stilton cheese and radishes prohibited during war-time? When a man comes over to me and tells me that the news is very bad, that Kitchener never gets to the War Office before nine in the morning, and that the Germans can build Zeppelins as quickly as Mr. Ford can build cars—one every seven minutes, isn't it?—I know that he has been taking advantage of the foolish leniency of the Government, and making a pig of himself with Stilton cheese and radishes. Such license with food is the cause of all pessimism.

A Happy Thought.

I have had rather a happy thought in connection with the war. When I say a "happy thought," I do not mean that it will bring us great immediate happiness. On the contrary. But it would help to end the war, and, in that sense, may be called happy.

I suggest that all our women and children, and all the old men—say, men over seventy—be shipped off at once to America until the war is over. What a smack in the eye that would be for the Hun! All the sting would be taken out of his Zeppelin raids; all the hope of making us afraid of invasion would vanish. Women, children, and old men are out of place in the war-zone. (I make an exception in the case of nurses, but it might even be better if the men did all the nursing. The Hun would not find the same zest in bombarding hospitals and ambulance-wagons.)

Think what would happen if all the women, children, and old men were absolutely safe and sound in America! Away would go half the necessity for work! We should all go on Government rations; we should all be trained; we should all be so sick of England that we should flood the Continent, sweep the Hun from his trenches, and roll onwards, with hoarse shouts and dilated eye-balls, to Berlin! There we would remain, after the war, until the women and children had had time to return and tidy up a little.

I shall be glad to hear the opinions of my readers on this matter.

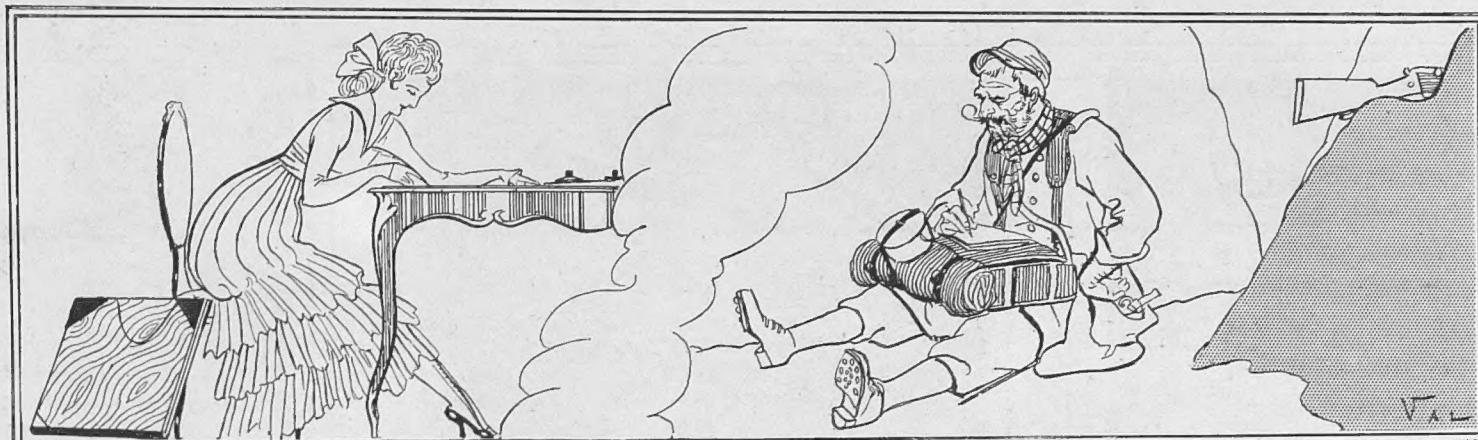
Aeroplanes Like Locusts.

I like Mr. Wells's suggestion in the *Daily Express*. It is almost as good as my own idea for sending all the old men, women, and children to America for three years or the duration of the war.

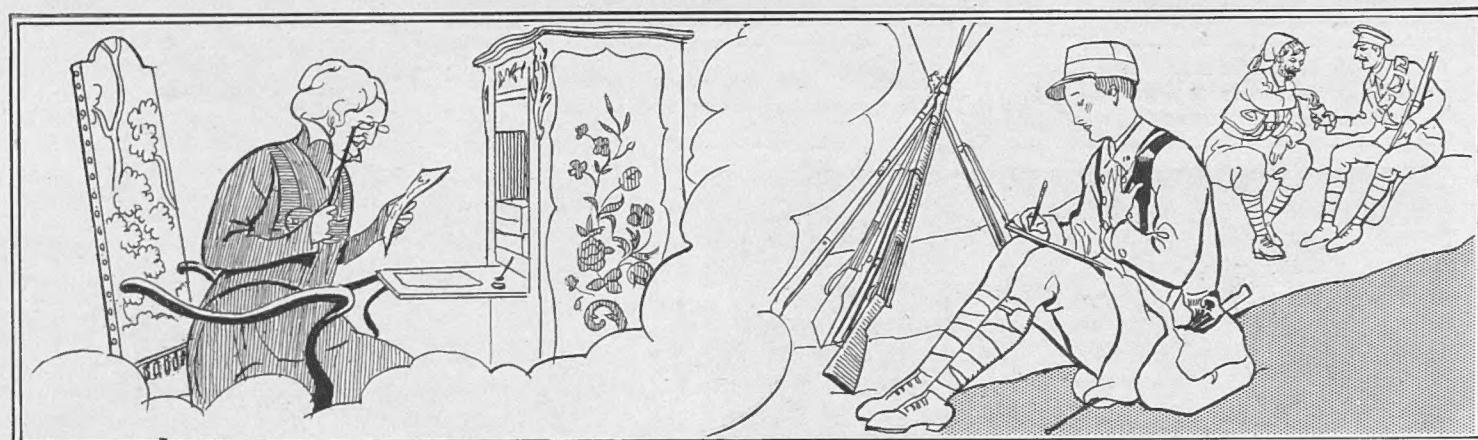
Mr. Wells wants to see ten thousand (10,000) aeroplanes constantly coming and going between the lines of the Allies and Germany. He compares this possible swarm of aeroplanes with bees, but they would leave their honey, of course, instead of bringing it back with them. It is a good notion—the kind of notion we need to keep the romance of the war alive. If the war is allowed to get dull, the public will lose interest in it. The Kaiser, on his side, knows that. He is a fine showman. (I should like to engage him, after the war, as the acting-manager of a theatre. Or a cinematograph-show. He would look lovely outside a "picture-palace" in a long coat, urging the passers-by to step in and take a look. But that is by the way.)

I hope we shall get those ten thousand aeroplanes. I don't think we shall, because Generals and politicians, unlike novelists, *will* grow up and get stodgy. If Mr. Wells and I could run the war between us, friend the reader, you would be so excited that you would never go to bed at all. As for discouraging cheerfulness, I, for one, would have none of it. War should never be conducted in the minor key. Pull out all the stops, and have at it!

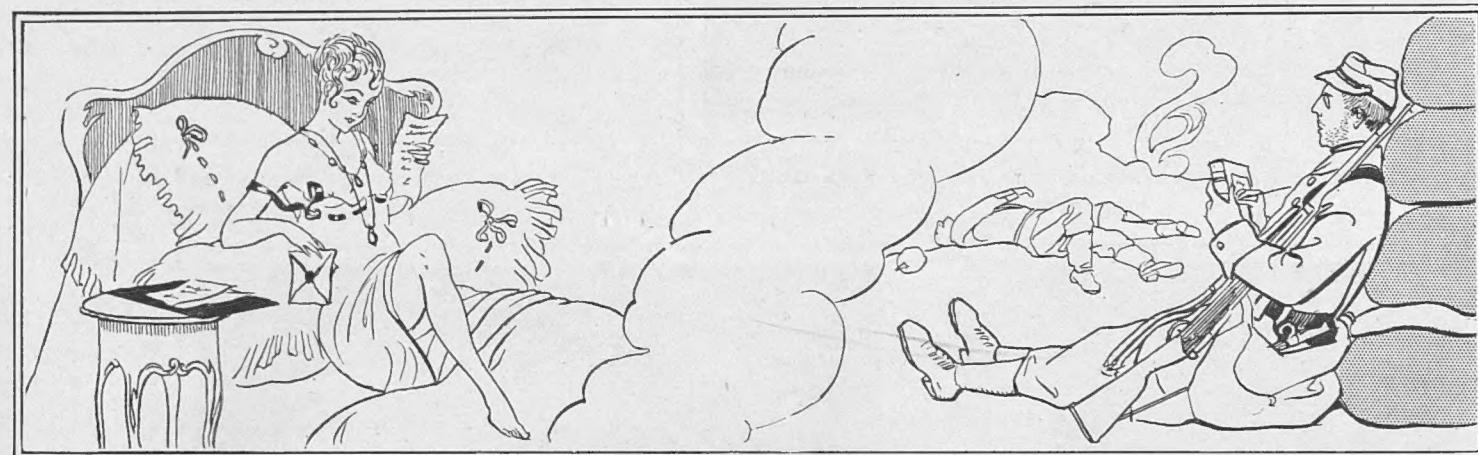
VANITIES OF VALDÉS: THE FRENCH LONELY SOLDIER.



SIE: "MY DEAR GOD-CHILD: HOW GOES IT WITH YOU AT THE FRONT? WHAT GIFT SHALL I SEND YOU?"
HE: "— A CLAY PIPE: THE BOCHES HAVE BROKEN MINE."



" — ? " " — A ROSE FROM YOUR BREAST."

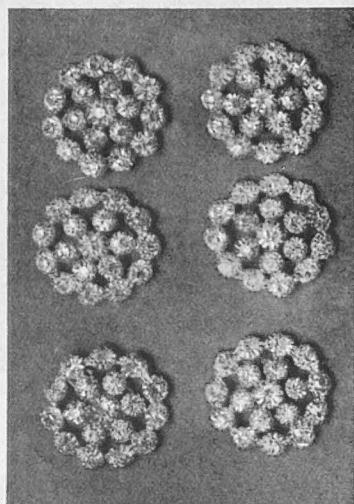


" — ? " " — A COMPLETE EDITION OF VIRGIL OR OF BOSSUET. IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO GET THEM HERE"

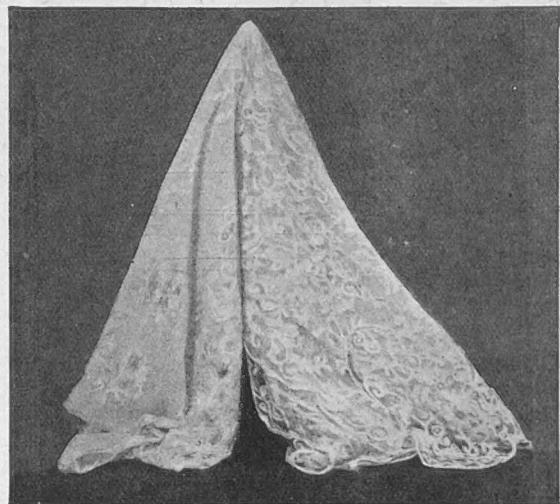


" — ? " " — A LOCK OF YOUR HAIR, FAIR UNKNOWN."

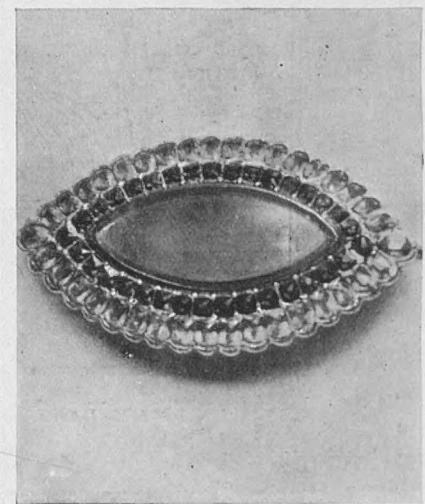
INCLUDING THE BEARD MR. BOURCHIER GREW FOR "HENRY VIII."



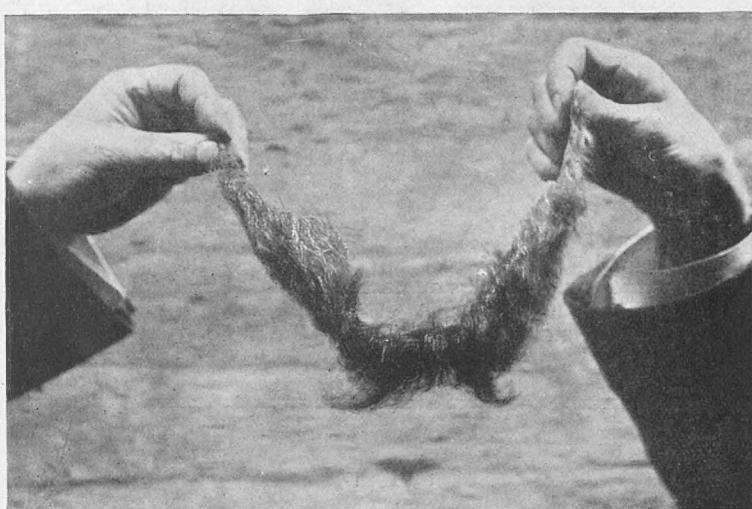
BUTTONS WORN BY MISS ELLALINE TERRISS AS THE DUKE IN "THE DASHING LITTLE DUKE."



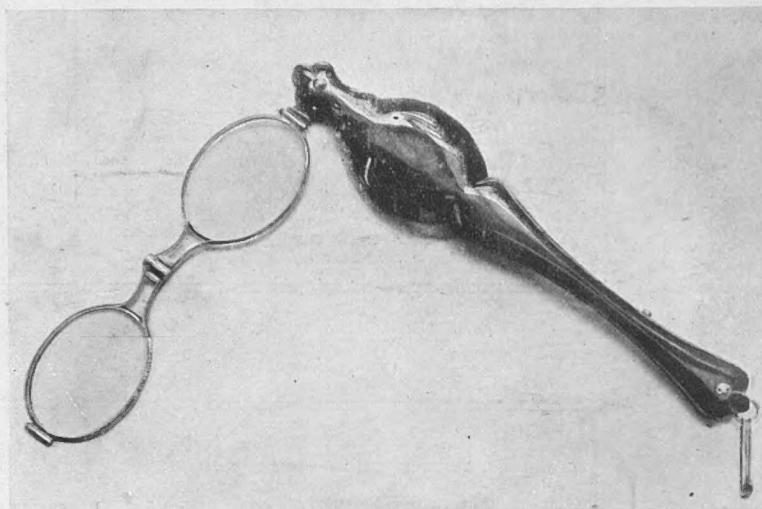
A LIMERICK LACE VEIL WORN BY MME. ALBANI IN THE BRIDAL SCENE IN "LOHENGRIN."



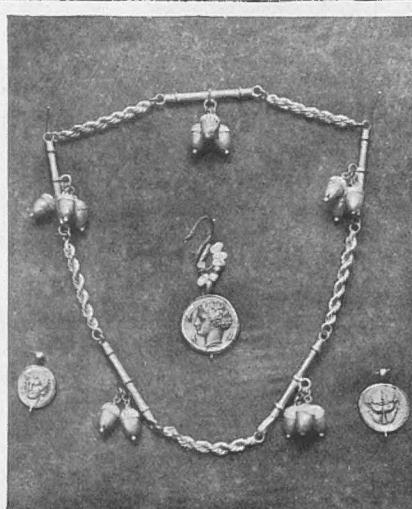
A PASTE BROOCH WORN BY MR. LEWIS WALLER AS MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE.



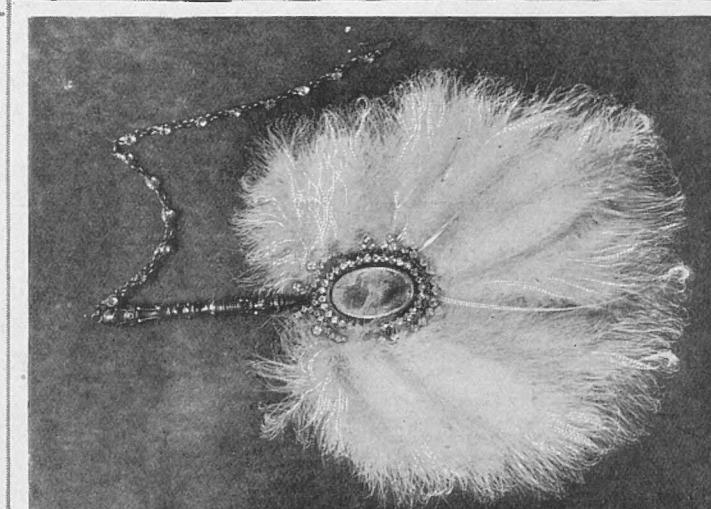
MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER'S HOME-GROWN (AND REAL!) BEARD FOR "HENRY VIII."



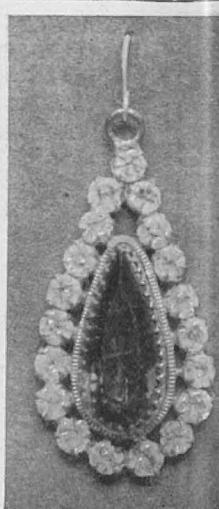
A TORTOISESHELL LORGNETTE USED BY MISS MARIE ILLINGTON IN "THE STRONGER SEX."



NECKLACE ETC. WORN BY MISS MARY ANDERSON IN "THE WINTER'S TALE."



A FAN AND CHAIN USED BY MME. ADELINA PATTI IN "LA TRAVIATA," IN 1859.



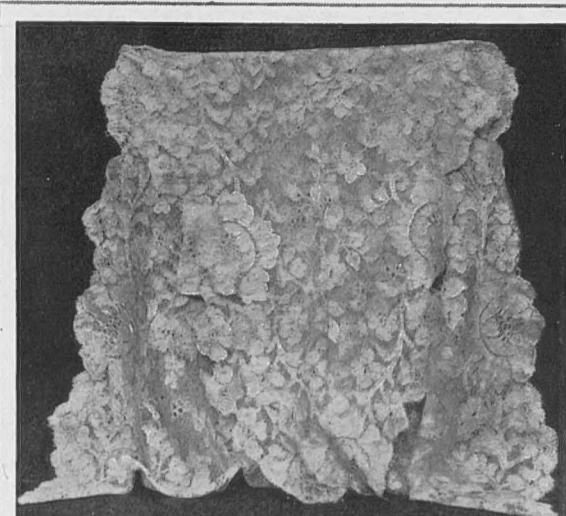
EAR-RINGS WORN BY AS ANNE BOLEYN AND

Not the least of the attractions at the big Souvenir Luncheon at the Savoy, on July 6, will be the opportunity of bidding for the remarkably interesting theatrical souvenirs collected by Mrs. Kendal, and musical souvenirs collected by Mme. Clara Butt. These will be sold by auction, the auctioneers being well-known figures in the musical and theatrical worlds; and their variety is suggested by our illustrations. Offerings continue to pour in, and Father Bernard Vaughan, for example,

"PROPS." OF FAMOUS STAGE FOLK AS SOUVENIR LUNCH "LOTS."



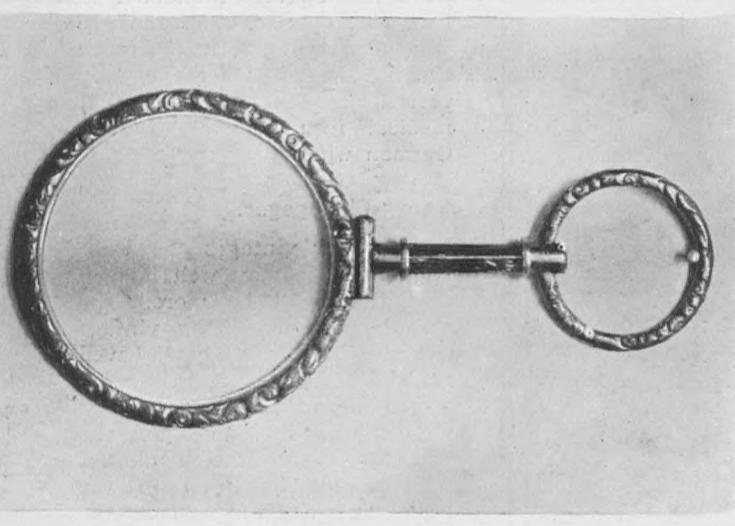
THE GOLD LOCKET WORN BY MISS MARION TERRY IN "PETER'S MOTHER."



THE LACE SCARF WORN BY MISS GENEVIEVE WARD IN "FORGET-ME-NOT."



THE "ROSALIND" BRANCH USED BY SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER AS ORLANDO, IN "AS YOU LIKE IT."



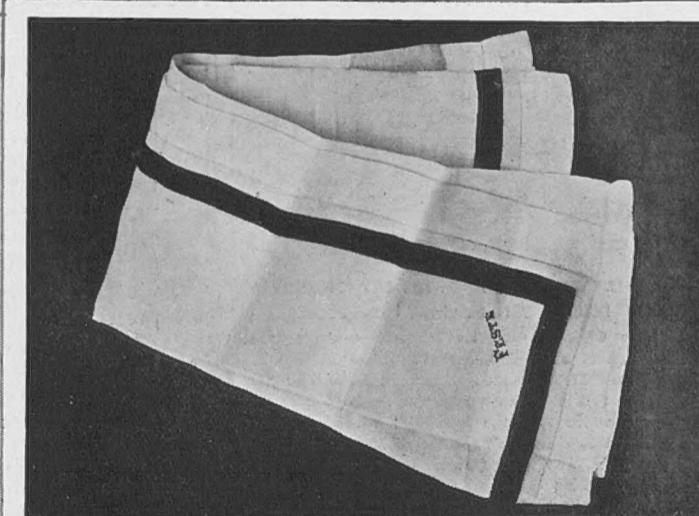
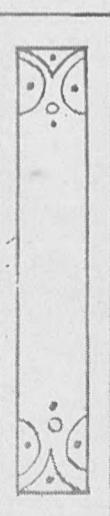
THE MONOCLE USED BY MR. FRED TERRY IN "THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL."



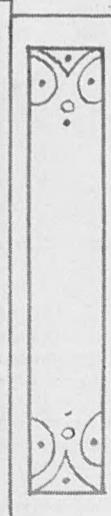
SHOES WORN BY MME. ADELINA PATTI, THE FAMOUS SINGER, IN THE OPERA "CARMEN."



MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH
QUEEN KATHARINE.



A MOURNING HANDKERCHIEF USED BY MR. HAYDEN COFFIN AS FESTE, IN "TWELFTH NIGHT."



GLOVES WORN BY MISS WINIFRED EMERY AS QUEEN ELIZABETH.

has contributed a monster pipe. The sketches collected by Sir George Frampton will be on view at the Savoy for several days before the luncheon. These sketches will be for sale, but not by auction, and the proceeds, with that of the souvenirs, given to the Three Arts Employment Fund. The "Henry VIII." beard given by Mr. Bourchier is the actual beard he grew to play that character. After he had had it shaved off, he had it mounted, stage-beard fashion, as a souvenir.



LAMB, GAME, AND CIDER : FRENCH MOSELLE : SAUMUR AND THE WINES OF THE LOIRE.

Gourmandise and Patriotism.

An appeal is being very generally made, both to housewives and to clubmen, not to buy or to eat lamb or veal, because every lamb killed would grow into a sheep, and veal is immature beef. This sounds quite reasonable at the first blush, but breeders tell me that if the public interfere with their business a muddle is likely to be the consequence.

The Reason Why.

interfere with all his plans and farmers are making a special effort to increase the number of animals upon their farms; and to compel them to move further in this direction now that there is some prospect of deficient crops owing to the drought might be disastrous. If we are not to eat lamb, mutton would at once go up in price; and I am told that most of the lambs that are now being killed are the produce of ewes which, after the lambs are killed, fatten rapidly and eventually become good mutton. But, patriotic as it sounds at first blush to give up lamb and veal, we have no option, now that the Board of Agriculture has presented a bill forbidding the killing of young animals. Like it or not, we shall just have to obey.

Why Game Should Be Eaten.

As the war goes on and purse-strings are pulled tighter, we shall hear a good deal of unconsidered talk regarding what we should give up of our luxuries of the table. Game, for instance, next autumn may be frowned at because the shooting of pheasants and partridges is the pastime of the rich. But for every one man who shoots game for his pleasure there are at least two men who make their living by its breeding and its sale; and now that his father has gone to the war the gamekeeper's boy is doing the elder man's work and helping his mother through a very trying time. The war is compelling abstinence from some of the best-known luxuries. Russia, for instance, had other things to do this winter besides exporting caviar, and some of the fiercest fighting in France has been in progress in the forests where the best of the truffles are found. I see quails on the menus, and I wonder whether ship-loads of these little birds are still brought over from Egypt and fattened in the East End, or whether the quail that makes its appearance on the club menu is a comparative rarity.

A Cider Boom. One lesson the war is teaching clubmen of all degrees, and that is what an excellent drink our British cider is. I was told this winter that the last autumn

cider had been bought up at almost double its usual price by speculators. They were very wise gentlemen who speculated in this way, for, looking down any club-room at dinner, I see more cider-bottles on the table than champagne-bottles, and cider-cup is certainly just as pleasant a drink as Moselle-cup, and a great deal less expensive.

French Moselle.

Some patriotic Frenchmen and their British representatives are reminding us that the River Moselle flows through French territory as well as through German, and that the wine made on its French slopes is excellent of its kind. I and a great number of other clubmen who are advised to drink Moselle as being a non-gouty wine will be very interested to hear what the doctors have to say concerning the French brands, and whether they possess all the qualities that medical men attribute to the German wine.

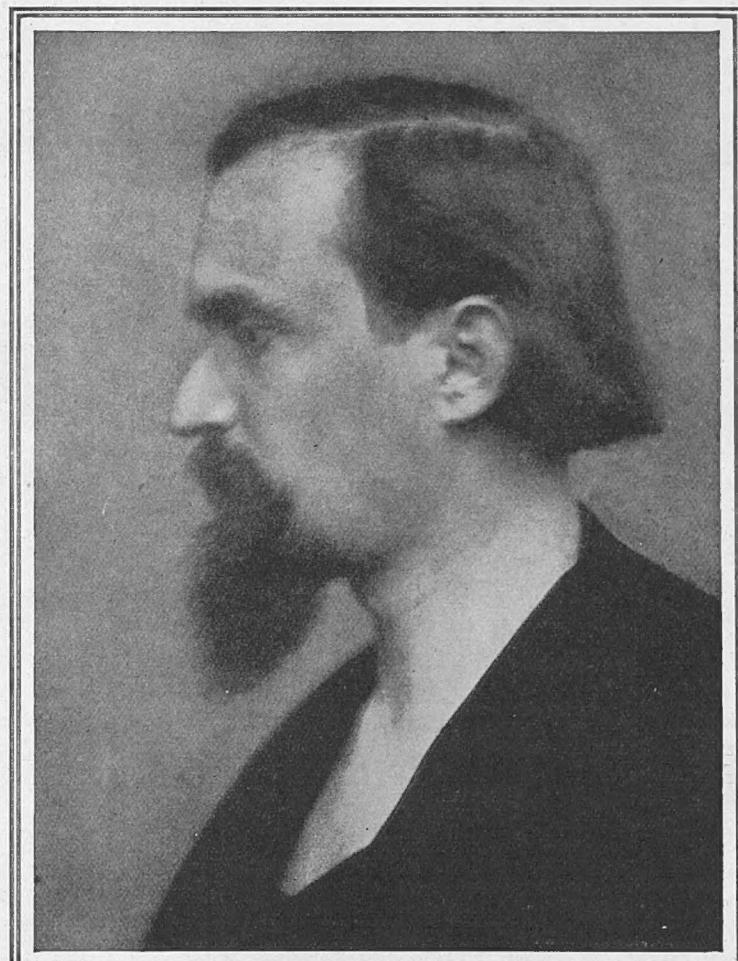
1915 Champagne.

There will certainly be two war vintages of champagne, and it may well happen that there will be more. The greater portion of the vintage of 1914 was, we know, saved from the Germans, and the wine stored out of the range of the German guns. Those of the peasants in the Rheims district who are not fighting in the ranks, and the women and the old men and the children, will be very busy this month amongst the vines on what is locally known as "the Mountain." This long burst of sunny weather, which has made the roses flower so gloriously here in England, will have filled the breasts of the vine-growers all over France with a hope that they will obtain a record vintage, and that ten or twelve years hence a man with a fine cellar of champagne will ask his guests which of the two war vintages, 1914 or 1915, they prefer.

The Wines of the Loire.

I have always wondered why we English have not taken more kindly to the sparkling wines of the Loire, Vouvray and the rest, which are, as anyone who has stayed at Tours knows, very pleasant and very cheap. The only wine of the

Loire that we English really know is that of Saumur, an excellent wine, but differing entirely from champagne. I fancy the wine of Saumur would have been far more appreciated in this country had not quite a number of foolish people got the idea into their heads that Saumur was in some way an inferior champagne. It is, of course, nothing of the kind, but is an excellent light, sparkling wine of the Loire. Perhaps the war, amongst other things, may teach us this summer to appreciate the sparkling wines of Touraine.

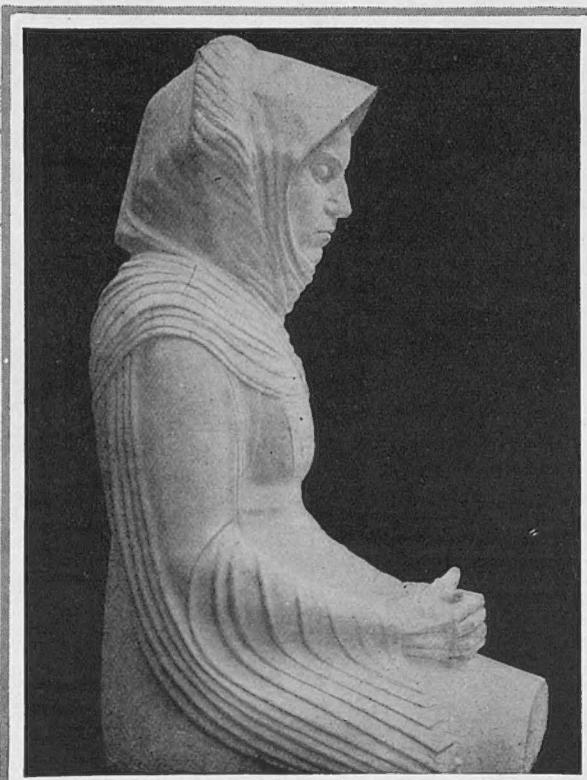


**A ONE-MAN SHOW AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM :
IVAN MESTROVIC, THE DALMATIAN PEASANT-SCULPTOR.**

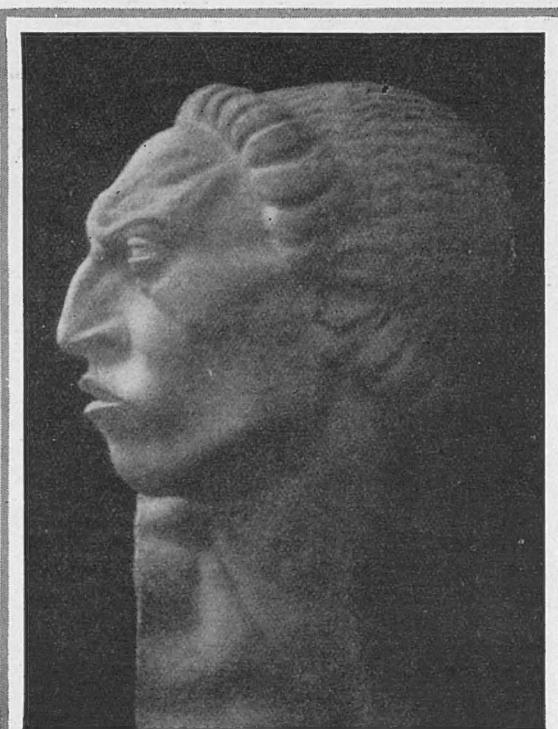
Ivan Mestrovic, a collection of whose work in wood and stone is to be seen at the Victoria and Albert Museum, is the son of a Croat peasant family in Otarice, a little village in Northern Dalmatia. He was born in 1883, and even as a shepherd boy revealed a talent by carving decorative figures in wood and stone. Serbo-Croat popular poetry inspired his first serious efforts, which took the form of heads of modern Croat patriots. At eighteen he was apprenticed to a marble-worker at Split (Spalato), and later studied at the Academy of Arts in Vienna, and in 1907 went to Paris and exhibited in the Salon d'Automne. In 1910 an exhibition of his works at the Sezession of Vienna aroused much interest, and later he exhibited in Zagreb (the Croatian capital), in Rome, Belgrade, Venice, and Munich. His art has been described as "heroic" and significant of the "unconquerable spirit which inspires our Serbian allies."

Photograph by Hoppé. (See Illustrations on Another Page.)

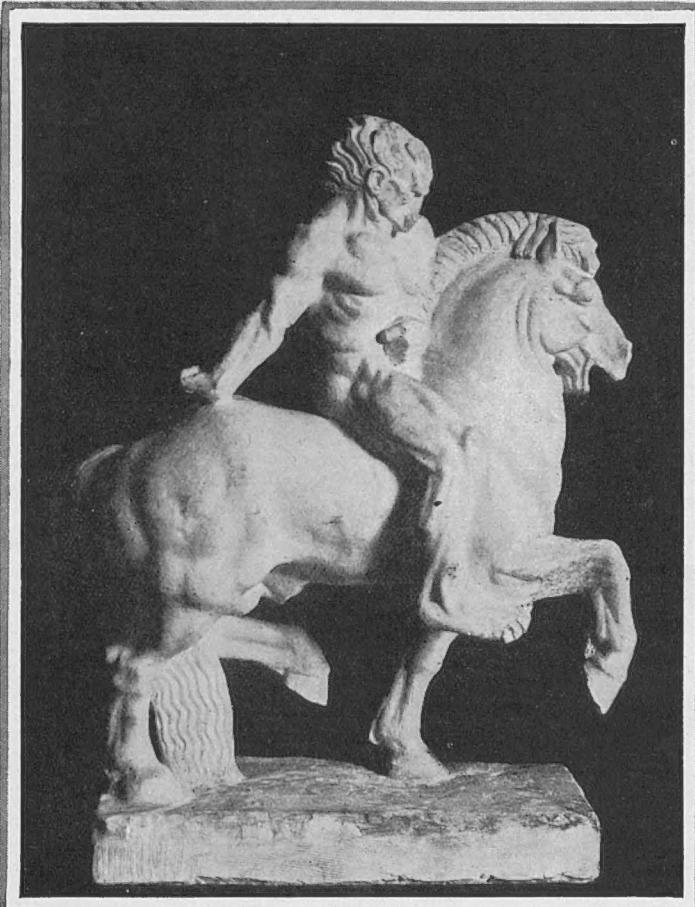
THE ART SENSATION OF THE MOMENT: IVAN MESTROVIC.



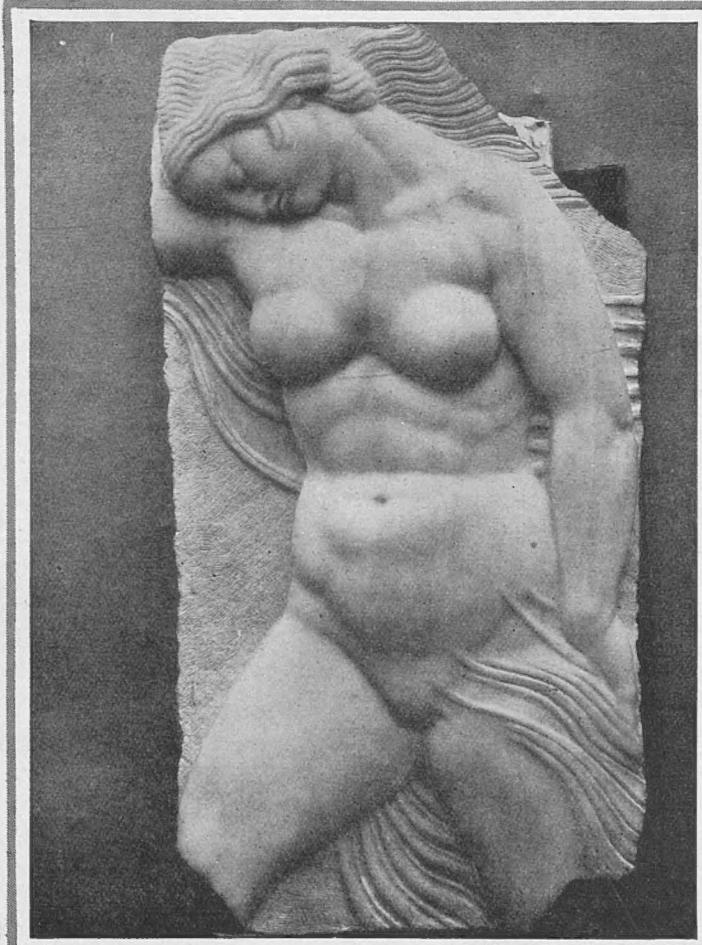
BY IVAN MESTROVIC: A SCULPTURE FROM THE ONE-MAN SHOW AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM.



"MILOS OBLIC": THE SERBIAN KNIGHT WHO SLEW THE TURKISH SULTAN MURAD.



"MARKO KRALJEVIC": THE SERB CHAMPION WHO ATTACKED 300 TURKS SINGLE-HANDED, AFTER KOSOVO.



A REMARKABLE EXAMPLE OF THE WORK OF IVAN MESTROVIC, IN MARBLE: "THE DANCING WOMAN."

Even in days of war, London loves the thing that is new, and it has not yet seen anything quite like the powerful art of the Croatian sculptor, Ivan Mestrovic, exhibited in the Victoria and Albert Museum. It is said that Mestrovic and other young Serbo-Croat artists working under his leadership were inspired by "a single fury of national memories and aspirations that is without parallel in modern art. It had a burning spirit within it that seemed to throb and gesture through these forms as a tempest speaks through the new and fantastic shapes it gives to the trees in its grasp, or the announcements of the tongues and

crowns of flame in a forest conflagration." A "terrible long-suppressed fury" is felt "boiling up in these twisted, knotted figures and swelling national images." Mr. James Bone further tells us that in these sculptures Mestrovic "delivers his testaments"; that his work has "the daemonic urgency of archaic art and the entranced singleness of the Italian Primitives . . . his message is delivered with the immediacy of Fra Angelico." With considerable justification it is added, his heroic art is "almost the only art that does not seem alien to these mighty days."—[Photographs by Hoppe.]

SMALL TALK



MARRIED TO LIEUTENANT GUY HARGREAVES CHOLMELEY : MISS SYLVIA KATHERINE COOPER.

Miss Cooper, whose marriage to Lieutenant Guy H. Cholmeley took place on June 23, is the daughter of the Rev. Sydney and Mrs. Cooper, of Upper Heyford, Oxon. The marriage was celebrated at the Church of St. John the Baptist, Holland Road, Kensington.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.

at the birth-rate, are showing the white feather. "Pleasure is the god," he wrote; and what he wrote was, of course, extremely convincing. Now he, and we, have the casualty lists to convince us instead.

Drinks and the Man.

of entertainments. multitude of smart

THE name of Brabazon in the casualty lists reminds one of the Earl of Meath's many vital stakes in the country. His family, more than most, has the military strain. In the younger generation, all Brabazons seem to be soldiers or to marry soldiers. This is not surprising; but the general alacrity of the nation to take up arms must agreeably surprise the Peer who had pondered considerably before the war on the fading away of British "grit."

Not Guilty! A few years ago the Earl put his fears into print. Are we, he asked, as willing as the Germans to answer the call of duty—

do we work as well? While other nations open shop at five or six in the morning, no business, he found, could be transacted in the West End of London before ten. And our women, he declared, on looking

Tea at the American Embassy has established itself as one of the most placid Last year, when a gay Americans used to gather there in the afternoon, the quietness and simplicity of the Page household held their own, despite the visitors. Now, the simplicity and quietness fit the general scheme of things in Mayfair. But for

a contrast—and London is never without one—you need go no farther than the Café Royal, where artists still foregather, in khaki and out. The main differences in the evening crowd are those wrought by a uniform, a hair-cutting, and a month or two of soldiering. The man who is not in khaki remains pale and seedy; the friend who is has colour and a pair of shoulders. But all are alike in their beverage. After ten they and their lady friends drink Perrier water with an extraordinarily well-simulated look of dissipation.

The Countess and the Committee.

according to the circular, given a place on the committee of the Mestrovic Exhibition. All sorts

of names appeared in the list, from Mr. Lloyd George's to Mr. John Lavery's, and it seemed ridiculous that Cabinet Ministers, who would probably not go to see the Serbian sculptures, or even muster half-a-dozen interested people to send to it, should be roped in to the exclusion of women who have taken a special interest in the extraordinary collection at South Kensington. We now receive a message stating that "the name of Countess Benckendorff, who had from the beginning accepted membership of the Committee, was, by an unfortunate oversight, omitted from the printed list of the Committee." But other names come to mind. What of Lady Ottoline Morrell, whose house in

Bedford Square is as rich in modern works of art as any in London? And what of Mrs. Charles Hunter, whose views on Mestrovic are fully as important as the Bishop of Oxford's or Sir Valentine Chirol's? Rodin, a friend of the young Serbian's, is her friend as well; and to him her house in Old Burlington Street, where some of his own sculpture finds a home, is a much more significant centre of artistic intelligence and enterprise than, say, the office of the Minister of Munitions.

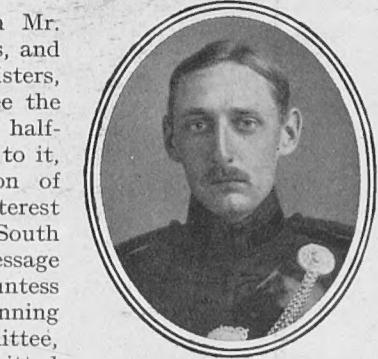
Heroics—and Prettiness.

Lady Primrose, Lady Plymouth, and Lady Heneage were among those who turned up for the

Mestrovic private-view and for Lord Robert Cecil's opening speech. Lord Robert was in good form; but it is difficult to speak of the "awakening of a nation's soul" and the poetry of race without becoming a trifle slushy. The real interest of the

private view was the contrast between the vast and violent stones and the very pretty and very picturesque women who wandered among them. Talking of the women and the composition of the committee, it should be remembered that a lady was the prime mover in organising the exhibition.

Khakied Couch. Cambridge has been much interested and impressed by the sight of Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch in khaki. It had known him before only as a fighter of the ladies who crowd to his lectures, and as a congenial conversationalist at college feasts. The quarrel is not deep-rooted. A lecturer would prefer, perhaps, to have his hall invaded by men of the University, but a crowd of either sex is a compliment.



MARRIED TO MISS SYLVIA KATHERINE COOPER : LIEUTENANT GUY HARGREAVES CHOLMELEY.

Lieutenant Guy H. Cholmeley, who was married to Miss Sylvia Katherine Cooper on June 23, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Lewin Charles Cholmeley, of Hamilton Terrace, N.W., and is in the London Rifle Brigade.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.



MADE FATHERLESS BY THE WAR : ALLAN DONALD PETER CAMPBELL.

This pretty little boy, known to his family and friends as Donald, is the son of Lady Moya Melisende Campbell, second daughter of the Marquess of Sligo, and widow of Lieutenant Allan William George Campbell, of the Coldstream Guards, who died of wounds received in the Battle of the Aisne. Lady Moya Campbell was born in 1892, and married to Lieutenant Campbell in 1912.

Photograph by J. Weston and Son.



WIFE OF A FAMOUS GENERAL WHO HAS BEEN PROMOTED K.G.C.B. : THE HON. LADY HAIG.

The wife of that fine soldier, General Sir Douglas Haig, K.C.B., K.C.I.E., K.C.V.O., K.C.C.B., who has done such splendid work in the present war, was, before her marriage in 1905, the Hon. Dorothy Maud Vivian, daughter of the third Baron Vivian. Lady Haig was one of Lord Vivian's twin daughters, born in 1879. Sir Douglas Haig's promotion for services rendered in the Field was announced on June 23.

Photograph by Barnett.



TO MARRY MR. GEOFFREY FRY : THE HON. ALETHEA GARDNER. The Hon. Alethea Gardner is the second daughter of Lord and Lady Burghclere, and a personal friend of H.R.H. Princess Mary. Her mother was Lady Winifred Byng, widow of Captain the Hon. Alfred George Byng, and daughter of the fourth Earl of Carnarvon. Miss Gardner's marriage is to take place on June 30, at St. Bartholomew's Church, Smithfield, to Mr. Geoffrey Fry, son of Mr. Francis Fry, a former Sheriff of Somerset and Bristol.

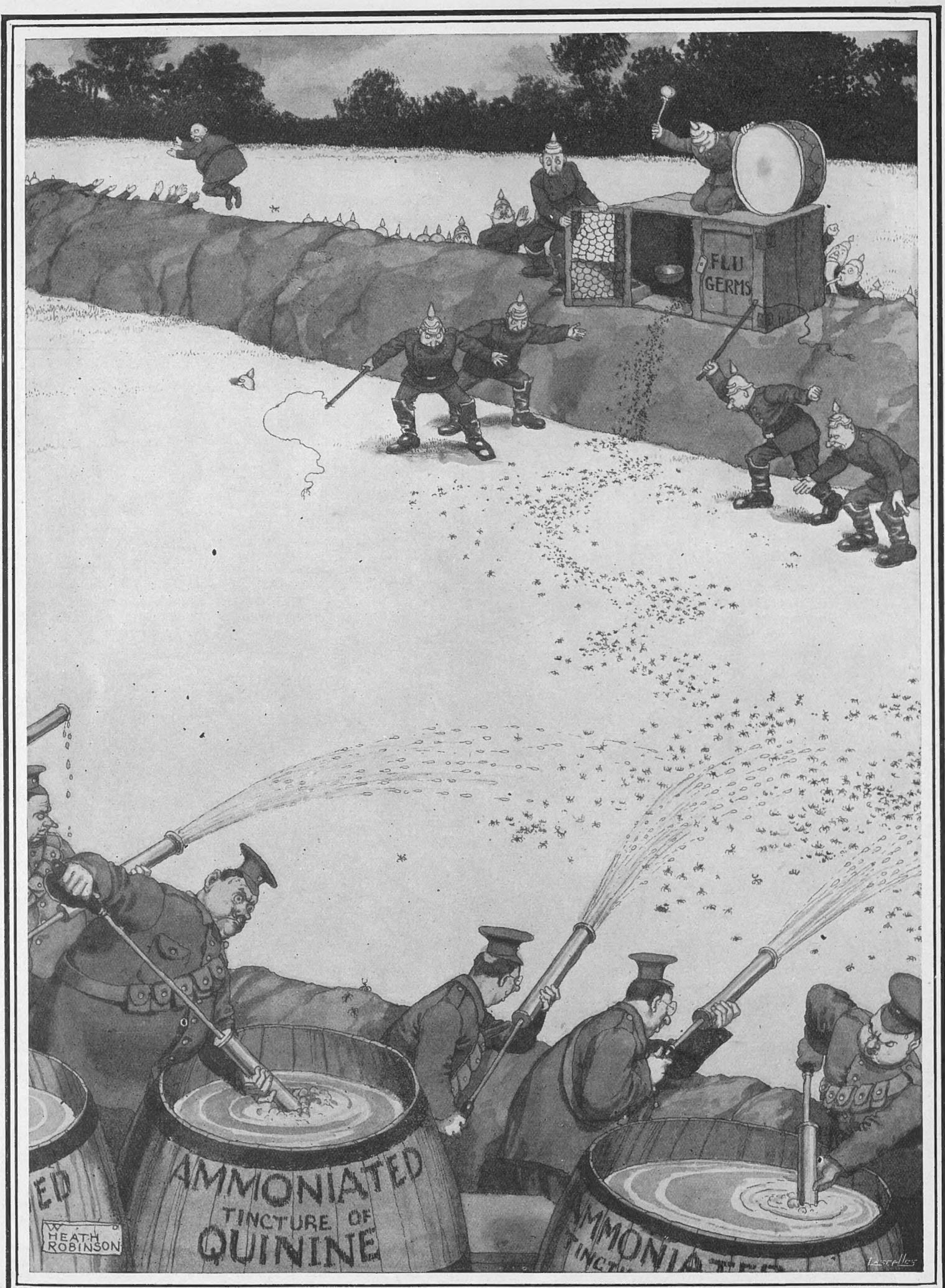
Photograph by Hoppe.

WEDDINGS—MILITARY AND CIVIL: SOCIETY AND THE ALTAR.



Miss Sylvia Craven was married, on June 24, to Lieutenant A. G. Pearson, Royal Berkshire Regiment. Miss Evelyn Mary Ross is only daughter of the late David Ross, Divisional Judge, Burmah, and Mrs. Ross, The Gables, Camberley. Miss Ruth Douglas Denny is second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Denny, of Helenslee, Dumfarton. Miss Margot Lethbridge, who is engaged to Mr. C. Milman Mainwaring, of Monks, Lincoln, is the only child of Captain and Mrs. Lethbridge, and granddaughter of Sir Roper Lethbridge, K.C.I.E. Miss Mary de Vere Studd, whose marriage with Mr. Michael Palairet is fixed for June 29, is daughter of Major Herbert Studd, of the Coldstream Guards, and Mrs. Herbert Studd, of Issercleran, Co. Galway; Mr. Palairet is a Second Secretary in H.M.'s Diplomatic Service. Miss Cecily Mary Burdon-Muller

is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Burdon-Muller, of 12, Portman Square, W. Miss F. Fryer is daughter of the late F. Field Fryer and Mrs. Fryer, of Wimbledon Park. Miss Mary Pleasance Gunn is youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Gunn, St. John's Wood Road; Mr. O'Brien is son of Mr. Richard Barry O'Brien, LL.D., biographer of Charles Stewart Parnell, and Lord Russell of Killowen. Miss Amy Robson is to marry Captain C. S. Boulton, Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry. Miss Mary Joyce Ledgard, who is engaged to Flight-Commander Richard Edmund Charles Peirse, R.N., D.S.O., only son of Vice-Admiral Sir Richard Peirse, K.C.B., Commander-in-Chief, East Indies, is youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Armitage Ledgard, of The Manor House, Thornes, Yorkshire.

German Breaches of the Hague Convention.

III.—SHEPHERDING FLU GERMS INTO THE BRITISH TRENCHES.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

ALL GOOD WISHES—ON HER NEW WIN, AT THE PALACE.



AS COCKNEY GIRL AND COUNTRY GIRL: MISS WISH WYNNE, WHO HAS JUST JOINED THE CAST OF "THE PASSING SHOW," AT THE PALACE THEATRE, TAKING THE PLACE OF MISS ELSIE JANIS.

Miss Wish Wynne, who, it will be remembered, made a great hit in "The Great Adventure," has recently taken the place of Miss Elsie Janis in the Palace revue, "The Passing Show," another newcomer to which is Mr. Robert Michaelis. Several changes have been made and new scenes added for their benefit. Miss Wynne is as charming as ever, and her quiet manner is immensely effective in contrast to the non-stop bustle of revue. She appears first as a country girl, with a monologue about her sweetheart,

and then, in the station scene, as a servant, making delicious remarks about her mistress, referred to as "'Oo? er!'" Later, in a new playlet called "Returned Empty," she makes excellent use of her opportunities in a part that suits her, and is not unlike her Janet in Arnold Bennett's play—that of a flirtatious actor's domesticated wife, who, by intimate revelations concerning his habits, succeeds in making her rival think better of the idea of eloping with him.—[Photographs by E. O. Hoppé.]



LORD HARLECH.

LORD HARLECH is not new to military command. Ordinarily we have thought of him as a Member of Parliament and a member of the Carlton and the Turf. But he is also a member of the Guards'. From 1908 he has been Hon. Colonel of the Shropshire Yeomanry, a regiment he at one time commanded. As Chairman of the county's Territorial Force Association he took the vigorous rather than the jog-trot line. He is, of course, a county magnate, but has never grown sluggish in the way that your one-district, hole-in-the-corner magnate is apt to do. If Shropshire had been his whole world, he would not have been offered the command of the Welsh Guards. But he knows the whole of Wales, and a good many places besides.

A Shropshire Lad. He has a drop of Irish blood in his veins, as well as a place in County Leitrim. Brogyntyn Hall, moreover, is not his only place on this side. He has lived in Cheshire, and in Merionethshire he owns Glyn Hall, so that, territorially speaking, his fifty thousand acres count for a great deal. But first of all he is "a Shropshire lad," and proud above everything of the title.

The Har-
Brogyntyn. The Har-lech family seat of Brogyntyn is one of the great places of the Marches of Wales. It is a Borderland house, and romantic. On one side are the Welsh hills, on the other the Shropshire plains. The great trees in the park (all the better for the practical care Lord Harlech bestows on them) are many of them older than the house itself, but the remains of an ancient fort give the proper fighting touch to the general character of the property. The terraces of the gardens extend for a couple of miles, and by way of summer-house a Grecian temple is planted somewhat incongruously where the view is at its grandest, and where the ghosts of Arthurian romance, rather than those of the Greek heroes, haunt the greensward. Inside the house are many treasures, including correspondence between Charles I. and Prince Rupert regarding the Civil War.

A Fishing Picture. This, then, is the back-

ground from which Lord Harlech steps forth to take command of the Welsh Guards. "Men of Harlech" goes the old song, and it will be as popular as "Tipperary" with his battalion. There is, too, a good deal more in the background if one looks a little deeper. It is a background full of sport and quiet justice and wholesome good-living. You can make out, on one side of the canvas, a salmon-stream, with the gleam of a mighty fish leaping; on the bank is Lord Harlech, and beside him, ready to wade up to her knees in the cold but exciting and exhilarating water, is Lady Harlech. They are both of them devoted to the rod and reel; but away from the river are the dog-kennels, and they, too, make up an important part of this background. To Lady Harlech they have always been more interesting than the whole range of shops in the Rue de Rivoli.

The Changing Scene.

Behind Lord Harlech lie Eton and (much smaller, if we treat it in the Post-Impressionist fashion) Sandhurst. The business of military schooling took less time and had always seemed less important to him than the first period of boyish training. Perhaps the war upsets the old relation of values; but still, for the purposes of our background, it is fair to say that the Eton boy figures in it quite as largely as the Lieutenant in the Guards. It must not be imagined, however, that he was a mere in-and-out soldier. Getting his commission when he was twenty, he remained in his regiment for eight years, and was very much of a soldier when he took charge of his native Yeomanry. Westminster came later. From 1901 till 1904 he represented West Salop in the Conservative interest; but left the Commons on the death of his father, the third Baron.

Relations.

His son, the Hon. Seymour Ormsby-Gore, took his place in the Commons, though not for the same constituency, and his brother was also an M.P. The Parliamentary association is strengthened, besides, by his son's marriage two years ago with Lady Beatrice Cecil. When, among the Ormsby-Gores, you once touch the question of relations and connections by marriage, you are committed, so to speak, to the whole of "Burke." Lord Harlech's mother was a daughter of Admiral Sir George Seymour and sister of the 5th Marquess of Hertford, and he himself married a daughter of the late Marquess of Huntly.

Lady Harlech. Lady Harlech was one of fourteen children. One of her brothers is the present Lord Huntly, and her sisters—or rather, a part of the sisterhood—became the Countess of Ancaster, the Countess of Lonsdale, and Lady Mary Turner. Two others married brothers, the sons of Lamplough Wickham of Tadcaster. Lord Harlech himself is a D.L. and J.P., and of recent years has acted as Lord-Lieutenant of County Leitrim. There are, it is true, the ruins of a fort at Brogyntyn; but if we sketch in a German garrison town and a few types of German military life our picture is sup-



COMMANDER OF THE WELSH GUARDS: LORD HARLECH.

Lord Harlech, who has been appointed to command the regiment and regimental district of the Welsh Guards, is an old Etonian. He was formerly in the Coldstream Guards, and afterwards in the Shropshire Yeomanry, of which he is Hon. Colonel. He married, in 1881, Lady Margaret Ethel Gordon, daughter of the tenth Marquess of Huntly, and their only son, Lieutenant the Hon. William Ormsby-Gore, is in the Shropshire Yeomanry. Mr. Gore is Member for the Denbighshire District, and married Lady Beatrice Gascoyne-Cecil, daughter of the fourth Marquess of Salisbury. Lord Harlech was born in 1855.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

plied with all that is necessary by way of contrast to the Welsh landscape and the Yeomanry meetings over which Lord Harlech has so often presided.

The Guardsman. Lord Harlech, then, is a good sample of the military man who is free of militarism. His family send him on his way in a spirit of extreme ardour; for the time being they are a fighting people. But read their history and study their habits, and with no degree of justice can you set them down as belonging heart and soul to a military caste. They have accounted for their share of foxes in the field, and of poachers from the Bench; but manoeuvres have bored them, and the text-book theory of warfare seemed as uninteresting as musical counterpoint. It is from such stuff that the finest soldiers in the world are most suitably officered.

FOR THE BELGIANS: THE LUGARD-CAVE GARDEN-PARTY.



MR. LEWIS WALLER IN A GARDEN-PARTY RÔLE: THE POPULAR ACTOR, WITH THE MISSES ZYROT AND MRS. SHARRATT, AT THE "KILL THAT FLY" KIOSK.



A VERY CHARMING DIVERSION OF THE GARDEN PARTY FOR THE BELGIAN HOSPITALITY FUND: THE MARGARET MORRIS DANCING CHILDREN.



SELLERS OF AMERICAN DRINKS: MISS DE CASTIGLIONE, MRS. HEMMERDE, AND MISS MADGE TITHERADGE.

The Midsummer Day garden-party given by Lady Lugard and Mrs. Walter Cave at Wressil Lodge, Wimbledon Common, in aid of Lady Lugard's Belgian Hospitality Fund, was a complete success. Wressil Lodge is one of the largest hostels for Belgian Refugees in the district, and the grounds are now at their best. A number of clever people, including Mr. Lewis Waller, who recited, the graceful Margaret Morris Dancing Children, and Mr. Nelson Keys, who gave some imitations, made the time pass only



RAFFLING A HAT: THE MISSES BRUNTON, PEGGY KURTON, SYLVIA RUSSELL, GREEN, AND ELDON, OF THE GAIETY.

too quickly. The Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, Mrs. Hemmerde, and other ladies sold American drinks, and Mrs. Walter Cave presided over the tea-tables, assisted by the Hon. Katharine Villiers, the Hon. Mrs. Charles Tufton, Lady Cowans, and other ladies. Among the visitors were the wife of the Belgian Minister, Lady Rivers Wilson, Lady Garvagh, Lady Williams, Lady Ward, Lady Chelmsford, Hon. Mrs. Leigh, Hon. Miss Villiers, and other well-known people.—[Kodak Snapshots by Malcolm Arbuthnot.]

CROWNS·CORONETS·COURTIERS

MISS EILEEN PONSONBY, who has been in town with Lady Mayo, her aunt, is one of several people who turned to the criticisms of "Mr. and Mrs. Ponsonby" with a certain extra dash of curiosity. Why the name? It was, perhaps, with something like relief that the stage Ponsonbys could be ticked off quite definitely as being "no relations." The name, all the same, was an odd one for the author to hit on: it has so clear a character of its own already. Take Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, for instance! To him belongs the touch of rarity that can't be improved on in a play.



WIFE OF A WELL-KNOWN DOCTOR:
MRS. LOCKHART MUMMERY.

Mrs. Lockhart Mummery is the wife of the senior surgeon of St. Mark's Hospital for Cancer, Dr. Percy Lockhart Mummery, who, at the beginning of the war, was appointed by the King as surgeon to King Edward VII's Hospital for Officers. Mrs. Mummery is the daughter of another well-known medical man, Dr. Robert Alexander Gibbons, of 29, Cadogan Place, S.W.—[Photograph by Yevonde.]

"He volunteers for all the worst jobs going," writes a fellow-worker; "St. Sherril is the name we give him." There never was a time, certainly, when the war hospitals were in greater need of such saints-of-all-work.

More Help. Lady Constance Hatch, a new member of the Wounded Allies' Committee, joined on the same day as Mr. Arnold Bennett and a Bishop. They start fair;

but the odds are on the lady. She is a wonderful worker, with a record for doing what she has to do very quickly and very well. The youngest daughter of the late Duke of Leeds, she married fifteen years ago, and has always made 20, Portland Place a centre of social activities.

The Other finds expression, partly, in his blithe attacks on his own set—the aristocracy. His family abounds in titles and "honourables," but he "downs" them all. His period as Page of Honour to Queen Victoria did nothing for the saving of his soul. For three years he was in the Diplomatic Service at Constantinople, and for three more in the Foreign Office. His exceptional outlook, quite as much as his experience, makes him one of the most interesting of men to meet at the present time. Mrs. Ponsonby is a daughter of Sir Hubert Parry.

Saint Sherril. Both Miss Asquith and Mrs. Winston Churchill secured first editions of the Rupert Brooke volume of poems written just before his death in the Dardanelles. There was something of a scramble for the volume in the West End shops on the day of publication, and most people, even then, were disappointed, for the publishers had sent out the second edition at the same time as the first, which, in some odd way, seemed to have become rare before it was issued. Mr. Sherril Schell, the maker of the beautiful photograph which serves as frontispiece, has, by the way, put by his camera for stretchers, and has been busy winning golden opinions (if not a halo) in a French hospital near the lines.

Dinner-Time. Lady D'Abernon—the Lady Helen Vincent who not long ago used to be known as "the Botticelli of the Roller-Skates"—is another of the volunteers in France. She, with Mrs. Maurice Brett, Mrs. Dubosc Taylor, Lady Esher, and many more, have been marvelling at the new Paris—a city inhabited only by women and old men. In the streets the first thing one notices is the change of pace: everybody walks slowly, for the simple reason that the swifter portion of the population is elsewhere. Only at places like the Ritz does Paris continue to look well-dressed, and even there her smartness is maintained by the English and Americans. Mrs. Marshall Field, looking very pretty, has been seen there a good deal lately; and for the Ridgley Carters and their busy friends from London an evening trysting-place is the only one that is at all feasible.

Things to Remember. Italy is out of the reckoning for the holidays, and all sorts of people, unable to go south, are breaking a habit of many years' standing. Among them is the Kaiser, who made a rule of going twice to Italy every twelve months—once to Rome, and once to Venice. At such times he showed an insatiable curiosity and an almost incredible memory. On one occasion he had noticed the horse of a Cuirassier officer with whom he chatted in Rome for some little time. Two years later he met the same officer and asked after the horse by his (the horse's) name. He knew every one of the Cuirassier and Engineer officers. The Italians liked his friendliness, but now they call him the King and Emperor of Spies—not very reasonably, as the enmity of Italy hardly entered into even his keen forecast.

Dressers and Dressing. Mrs. Maurice Brett, who last year was sitting for a most successful portrait—and, incidentally, solving intricate problems in dress lengths and colour-schemes—is back in Paris. She is but one of many beautiful Englishwomen who have found themselves in the French capital without, as the saying goes, anything to wear and without much thought of their dressmakers. Some little while back, however, during a lull in fighting and casualties, there was a rush for the modistes; and many women who went to France with a handbag containing carpet slippers for ward wear and a tooth-brush will return laden with band-boxes.

Dinner-Time. Lady D'Abernon—the Lady Helen Vincent who not long ago used to be known as "the Botticelli of the Roller-Skates"—is another of the volunteers in France. She, with Mrs. Maurice Brett, Mrs. Dubosc Taylor, Lady Esher, and many more, have been marvelling at the new Paris—a city inhabited only by women and old men. In the streets the first thing one notices is the change of pace: everybody walks slowly, for the simple reason that the swifter portion of the population is elsewhere. Only at places like the Ritz does Paris continue to look well-dressed, and even there her smartness is maintained by the English and Americans. Mrs. Marshall Field, looking very pretty, has been seen there a good deal lately; and for the Ridgley Carters and their busy friends from London an evening trysting-place is the only one that is at all feasible.



MARRIED TO MR. ESMOND RICE-OXLEY:
MISS CONSTANCE LEIGH HUGHES.

Miss Leigh Hughes, whose marriage to Mr. Esmond Rice-Oxley took place on Saturday at St. Margaret's, Westminster, is the daughter of Mr. Spencer Leigh Hughes, M.P. for Stockport, and writer of the clever "Sub Rosa" articles in the "Daily News."—[Photograph by Langfier.]



MARRIED TO MISS CONSTANCE LEIGH HUGHES: MR. ESMOND RICE-OXLEY.

Mr. Esmond Rice-Oxley, who was married to Miss Leigh Hughes on Saturday, is a son of Mr. Alfred James Rice-Oxley, of Kensington Square, House Physician London Hospital, and Physician-in-Ordinary to H.R.H. Princess Henry of Battenberg.—[Photograph by Langfier.]

CHILDISH!



HIS WIFE: 'Ther lan'lord come 'ere this mornin' an' I give 'im ther rent an' showed 'im ther baby.'

HER HUSBAND: Oh, did yer! Well, next time as 'e comes jest yer give 'im ther baby and show 'im ther rent.'



By CARMEN OF COCKAYNE.

Fashion in the Sea.

The war has not diminished the problem. In fact, it is rather intensified, for the



Suggesting the head-covering of a Flemish Nun : a bathing - cap ornamented at the sides with glass buttons.

from the sea (en route for the bathing - machine) she suggests the true goddess, and not a very undignified mortal.

The Smart Bather. Gone are the once modish blue-serge knickers and tunic ; dead the red-drill atrocities enlivened with rows of white braid once voted the height of *chic* ; departed is the glory once attaching to striped Galatea. Only the bathing-woman, whose conservatism in such matters the vagaries of fashion have no power to change, still clings affectionately to these relics of

a bygone taste, and "throws in" their use, together with that of an inadequate bathing-towel, with a sixpenny ticket. Mixed bathing, bathing-parties, the modern passion for sunning oneself and idling gregariously on the beach, are responsible for the evolution of the smart bathing-suit, which as faithfully reflects the mode of the moment as any other article in its owner's wardrobe. A review of up-to-date models soon dispels the illusion that bathing - apparel allows little scope for imagination. It induces, too, a wholesome respect for the genius of the artists responsible for their creation. In silk, in satin, in sponge-cloth, in crêpe ; in a hundred colours and as many designs ; with billowy flounce and triple-tier tunic, circular skirt and high collar, they proclaim their adherence to the fashion of the season, while their gay colour-schemes and occasional elaboration of ornament are a welcome variation



Going out to woo the witching wave, lightly attired in a neat tunic of taffeta lined with the same material in an azalea-pink shade checked with black. We are asked not to overlook the abbreviated knickers ; they are carried out in the check, as also are the belt, cap, and boots, the colour-scheme of pink being again developed in the button-hole stitching which is seen on the scalloped hem.

from the simplicity which prevails in other departments of women's attire.

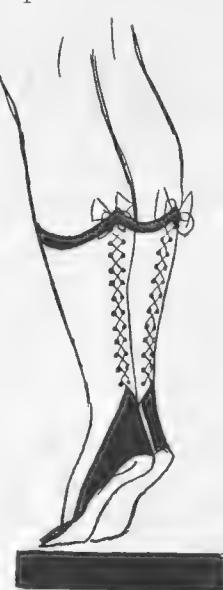
Enticing Et-ceteras.

There is, too, the bathing-boot and the bathing-hat, the bathing-coat and the bathing-bag into which the outfit is neatly packed for transit to the beach. Some of these things suggest the distorted imagination of the Futurists ; others the more tranquil note of sane genius, and the world is ransacked for ideas. There is a cap influenced more than a little by Chinese ideals ; another suggests the head-covering of a Flemish nun, while the half-boot to accompany it would have delighted the heart of an early nineteenth-century belle.

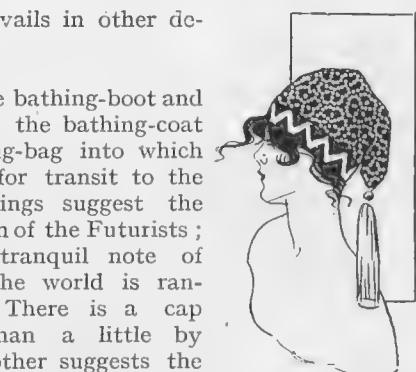
The Abbreviated Knicker.

Dolores' sketch conveys better than mere words the essential modernity of seaside fashion. The neat tunic of taffeta is lined with the same material in an azalea-pink shade checked with black. The knickers are *en suite*. And the check—which, by the way, runs the stripe very close in popularity—appears again in the wide belt, on the cap, and yet again in the boots, with the colour-note emphasised in the button-hole stitching decorating the scalloped hem. The abbreviated knickers must not be overlooked. Nature's whim in giving women feet and ankles and legs causes

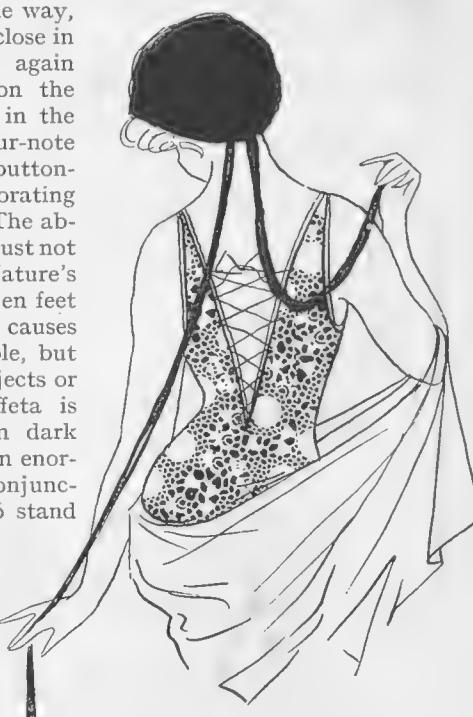
dreadful distress to some people, but not to the bathing-girl, who rejects or retains stockings at will. Taffeta is the favourite material, and in dark blue and black lends itself to an enormous variety of treatment in conjunction with colours too bright to stand alone. There are, of course, simpler toilettes designed more for the sea and less for idling on the sands or a luxurious sun-bath. But enough has been said to show that it is almost as complicated a business for the modish woman to choose her costume for a morning swim



Showing a clean pair of heels—the bathing-boots which fasten up at the back and are made of coloured and black canvas.



A cap that more than a little resembles a Neapolitan Fisherman's head-dress.



Where a maid's help is required : the bathing-dress which is laced at the back.



Attached by a glass ring.—"The bathing bag in which the outfit is neatly packed for transit to the beach."

or beach saunter as for a ball or garden-party. To appear in one that is out of date is an ordeal as trying as would be an attempt to stroll down Bond Street in a home-made gown. **Notions in Hats?** The shady hat, has reappeared once again. Its infinite variety is the more pleasing after the stiff military modes to which we grew accustomed during the winter and early spring. The wide sailor shapes popular just now might have been especially designed for the girl by the sea. Sometimes you see them in tulle, sometimes in straw, sometimes in both. Felt and even peter-sham are requisitioned for their manufacture, and black velvet has been exploited with results pleasantly suggestive of shade and refreshment. A "cartwheel" hat of black taffeta has a single paradise curl as its only ornament. You wear it at an angle of eighty degrees or so, add a fluffy Andalusian curl over the left ear, and then try and persuade yourself that a sense of balance is thereby preserved.



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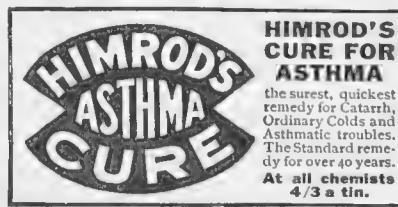
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A FAIR BET.

By "SIMPLEX."

"SPORTING country for steeplechasing, Skipper—hey, what?" said Lieutenant Merridew.

"H'm! Bit too sporting in parts," grunted Green, scanning the flat horizon. "Some heavy shelling going on over there to the left front. I thought we should have picked up our patrol by now."

"Not for a good water-jumper," murmured Merridew persistently, studying a twenty-foot canal on the right of the road. "There is a beautiful jump, with a good take-off too." Patting his black mare's neck affectionately, he sighed.

"Yes, and an excellent bog beyond," commented Captain Green.

Merridew, standing in his stirrups, viewed the Flanders landscape afresh and laughed softly. His service-worn khaki was already none too free from mud, and his mare's winter coat attested to the fact that she was no raw remount. The gentle tap of sword-scabbard against her ribs had become part of her daily life, and the boom of guns had long since replaced the blast of huntsman's horn in her ears.

Reining in his horse, Green placed his field-glasses to his eyes.

The bleak countryside was intersected by a perfect maze of small canals. Fields of carrots and rotting parsnips here and there lay between. Despite the state of war, an occasional peasant's boat was seen laden with its freight of vegetables or manure. A few lines of poplars relieved the absolute monotony of the scene, and a windmill on a slight rise of ground five miles away provided a noticeable landmark. A deserted trench, a bomb-riddled cottage, and a grave with simple wooden cross by the wayside needed no explanation.

"We have come far enough," said Green, dropping his glasses and consulting the map at his side. "We have learned what we wanted. There isn't a German within three miles of our position; but it will be dark in less than an hour."

"Excellent!" exclaimed the subaltern, readjusting his chin-strap. "I wish I could see a good fat fowl to capture for supper." He pointed towards a group of red buildings half a mile away. "Do you see that red house in a line with the straw-rick?"

"I do," answered Green.

"Well, I believe that is a farm-house. Where there's a farm there are hens. I am deadly sick of bully-beef. I will race you to the farm, Skipper."

"Can't be done."

"For a fiver—a level fiver! Gad, I'll back my little mare against that raw-boned thing of yours for ten pounds to five."

Without waiting for further protest, he turned his horse's head, touched her lightly with his spurs, and put her at the water.

The canal, some few yards away, was a good fifteen feet across at that point, and deep at that. Green's shout of objection came too late. The mare, trained by usage of war so that every muscle in her lithe body answered to the call, took the jump like a bird.

Merridew, emitting a whoop of triumph, waved his hand aloft and disappeared from view behind the straw-stack. The next instant a revolver-bullet whistled past his ears, and a Uhlan dashed out from the shelter of the stack.

The latter, selecting a small foot-bridge instead of a jump, crossed a deep ditch and headed for a bend of the high road a quarter of a mile above the spot where Captain Green was waiting. It took Green but a moment to grasp the situation; then he clattered down the cobbled high road in pursuit.

Merridew refused to funk the jump by means of the bridge. The mare, taking off hastily, landed short, scrambled up the inundated bank anyhow, and lost ground. With a muttered curse and an eye now more careful for country, Merridew chose a foot-path running between parsnip crops, and, instead of following directly in the wake of the German, sought the road at an angle.

Green, on the hard road, had the lead; but Merridew was convinced that, the road once regained, he could pick up quickly. Having a good knowledge of the country and the advantage of start, the Uhlan was a good three hundred yards ahead.

Clearing the last ditch between him and the road, the latter turned in his saddle and took a pot shot with a revolver at his immediate pursuer. The shot proved as ineffective as his first one.

The bullet, striking the cobbles at the feet of Green's horse, merely stimulated the owner to further effort.

Green, his teeth set, gave his flea-bitten grey his head, seized his revolver, and loosed off two shots in rapid succession at the blue-grey figure pounding along between the poplars.

A wild shout from Merridew stayed his hand. Glancing over his shoulder, he saw that his subaltern had regained the road and was thundering over the cobbles at racing speed a hundred yards in rear.

"Don't fire! Don't spoil sport!"

"All right," muttered Green to himself, dropping his revolver into its holster.

"We will take him alive!" shouted Merridew. "My bet is still on. Two to one in fivers I reach him first."

"Done!" answered Green hoarsely, noting that the distance between himself and the German had perceptibly lessened.

That the latter was well mounted, however, was soon obvious. A long-legged, scraggy chestnut carried him well, and, although his parade-ground seat did not help him, he was decidedly no mean horseman.

For the next few minutes the three pounded along without a word. Merridew was diminishing distance yard by yard. Between the Uhlan and Green the change had been less marked. A stern chase is a long one. Unless something untoward intervened, the contest must, of necessity, end in a test of animal endurance.

That an intervention might at any moment spoil sport, however, the pursuers realised full well. Their own headquarters had been quite three miles in rear at the start. A German outpost detachment might rise up out of the ground at any point of the compass. The shadows of night were already upon them. In fact, had Green's blood not been heated to fever-point, and had he not feared the ridicule of his venturesome subaltern, he would have called a halt at once.

Five minutes passed. Merridew, chuckling aloud out of sheer verve of life, had pulled up ground until the mare's nose was level with the other's withers.

The German's horse stumbled badly, but recovered by a miracle.

"He is weakening!" breathed Merridew triumphantly.

"Yes—but," stammered Green, "do you see a light in that windmill?"

"Hullo! By Jove, yes! I had forgotten all about the windmill. I suppose there must be some more Deutschers about somewhere."

"Too good an observation-post to remain long unoccupied," grunted Green. "We must stop."

"You pay me if you do. I knew that old hair-trunk of yours was no stayer," jibed Merridew, forcing his mare forward to a neck-and-neck race.

Green spurred his charger, glanced once more anxiously at the light showing through the trees, and mentally shrugged his shoulders. The mill was not more than a quarter of a mile away.

Again the Uhlan's horse stumbled, and again, although he managed to recover, the distance between them was lessened—this time to little more than a hundred yards.

Merridew laughed loudly.

"He is mine!" he shouted, leaving Green a good length behind.

"Perhaps!" retorted Green.

Drawing his sword, Merridew gripped his saddle with all the strength of his knees, and literally charged upon the Uhlan.

The next instant a shot from Green's revolver whistled through the dank air.

"Confound you, Skipper!" muttered Merridew beneath his breath. "You will end by killing him. Spoil-sport!"

At first sight it looked as if the latter's fear had already possibly been realised, for the German's horse reared wildly, pitched forward, and lay still. The rider, however, wasted not a second. He was on his feet instantly, raised his revolver, and missed Merridew by a hair's-breadth.

The bullet, nevertheless, was not wasted, for it buried itself in the chest of Green's horse.

Springing promptly across the nearest gutter, the Uhlan was

[Continued overleaf]

THE CAVALRY ARE IN THE TRENCHES.



PORTRAIT OF A BRITISH CHARGER SOMEWHERE NEAR THE FRONT.

'DRAWN BY ALFRED LEETE.'

off the road before Merridew could do anything. To follow him mounted was a practical impossibility.

A derisive guttural ejaculation from a small copse, and the German fired again, grazing Merridew's cheek. Then he was gone across country in the direction of the windmill.

Looking over his shoulder, Merridew saw Green and his horse both lying in the road. Before Merridew could reach him, however, the latter was on his feet. Like the Uhlan's, his horse was done for, whilst he himself was undamaged.

"Are you hurt?" shouted Merridew.

"Not a hair."

"Hurrah! It has now developed into a foot-race," cried Merridew, dismounting. "If you can't ride, I won't either. Besides, the beggar intends going to ground in the windmill, anyhow. Come on! Yoicks! Yoicks!"

"Come back, you idiot!" shouted Green. "Do you want to fall into a regular trap?"

"We should have seen them before now if there had been many of them," argued Merridew, tearing off on foot, with his Captain clutching at his elbow. "Who's afraid? Besides, that Deutscher in his big boots can't run for nuts. The bet is still on!"

There was a moon half-concealed by heavy clouds. The night breeze soothed mournfully in the leafless tree-tops. The boom of big guns continued incessantly, and ever and again the flash of a bursting shell illuminated the skyline. The light in the window of the windmill was no longer visible. The bleak landscape of muddy rivulets, swamps, and vegetable fields seemed as deserted of life as a desert island.

The three men, however, noted none of these things. The Uhlan, running for his life, had to regain the road before he could reach the mill. Thumping across the stones with a rattle of spurred heels, he uttered no word. Green, protesting, and Merridew, chuckling, ran neck and neck with cocked revolvers.

It must now be but a matter of seconds. Yet to catch the Uhlan before he reached the windmill was impossible. A few more yards and he had disappeared behind the brickwork of the base of the structure. What was beyond?

No matter what might be beyond, the competing pursuers had no intention of hesitating. Their blood was up, and nothing better would have pleased them than to meet half-a-dozen Germans face to face.

A light wooden door, slammed behind him by the Uhlan as he ran, was the only resistance met with. Throwing himself against this door, Merridew led the way.

It was quite dark within, but above their heads could be heard the querulous voice of what appeared to be a woman.

For a moment the intruders hesitated. Then a light appeared at the head of a flight of steps, and an ancient dame, holding a candle aloft, peered down at them.

"Ah! The English!" she exclaimed with obvious joy.

"Where is the German, Madame?" cried Merridew.

The old woman, her parchment-like countenance wrinkled in a leer of cunning, pointed a knotty forefinger behind her.

"The coward is among the grain-bags, Monsieur," she replied.

"Listen! Here comes the other."

"The other?" questioned Green.

"*Mais oui, Monsieur.* There are only two of the pigs left. The others went an hour ago. They stole my food and made me cook it."

The noise of horse's hoofs outside now testified to the truth of her words.

"I'll tackle this one," snapped Green, turning promptly on his heel.

With a peculiar laugh, Merridew sprang up the stairs. The old dame holding the candle aloft without fear, he cautiously peered at the pile of sacks. A second of suspense followed. Then a revolver-bullet struck the light from the old woman's hand.

It was that expected shot for which Merridew had been waiting. He had marked his man. With a shout, he sprang across the intervening space and found his prey.

A sound of choking followed. The old woman reappeared with a fresh candle. A few ejaculations in German at painful intervals resounded through the loft. Then Merridew, holding his revolver to the Uhlan's head, came forth into the circle of light.

The German stared about him with blinking eyes. That he had surrendered to one man was a surprise which took him some time to absorb. Merridew, however, gave him little time for reflection.

"Have you a rope, Madame?" asked he.

"*Mais oui, Monsieur,*" chortled the old woman, scuttling into the shadows. "*À bas l'Allemagne!*" Reappearing in a moment with a length of hemp, she continued to mumble, and drew her skinny hand significantly across her throat. "*À bas—à bas!*"

Outside, two shots had been heard; then silence.

Having secured his sullen captive's wrists behind his back, Merridew drove him down the stairs. His anxiety concerning Green was increasing. A hearty shout from the latter, however, answered his thoughts. Green, with another Uhlan tightly trussed with stirrup-leathers, stood grinning in the moonlight.

A quarter of an hour later a couple of horses, to the stirrup of each a Uhlan attached, might have been seen making their way towards the British lines. The wordy warfare which was passing between the captives as they stumbled over the cobbles explained the situation. The main patrol party had left Hans to guide Reinhardt home. The latter, however, having gone foraging, had been absent when Hans ran home.

Green, understanding German, chuckled.

"The fellow fired one shot, then held up his hands without a word," he said. "He thought the mill was held by the English. It is as well he came, too, for my poor old charger is finished, and this German animal is quite decent."

"By Jove, I am hungry," said Merridew, lighting his pipe. "Reminds one of a long trek home after a day's hunting, doesn't it? I hope they have something to eat waiting for us." Smoking for a moment, he glanced across at the clean-cut profile of his Skipper. "I believe you owe me a fiver, old fellow."

"Humph!"

"Yes—a fair win. I got the hare. You only captured a stray rabbit." Breaking into hearty laughter, he slapped his thigh. "What about it, hey?"

"Fair enough, but—"

"Off, hey? All right! But I won, old chap, all the same."



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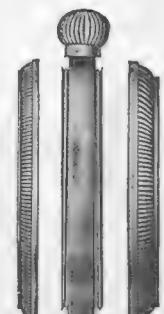
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By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Good-bye—Snob! It is not too much to hope that, with this war, we shall be able to bid a long good-bye to the British snob. In the Army there will be an incredible readjustment of ideas. This is the war of a whole nation, and the Army tends to become more democratic every day. Now, when the young man who used to sell you coal-scuttles or yards of velvet is a smart officer,

with a commission in a Line regiment, while your laziest friend among club loungers is cheerfully guarding the streets in the darkness before the dawn, things have turned topsy-turvy and our sense of values is lost—or rather, heightened. Presently we shall find ourselves in a re-adjusted world, in which the social atmosphere will be more like that of Canada and Australasia than that we breathed up to August 1914. When, on the early morning of the Fourth of August, some of us, returning hurriedly from France, steamed up Southampton Water escorted by one of H.M.'s destroyers, to hear at the docks that Great Britain had declared war against Germany over-night, we had reached, though we little realised it, the end of an epoch. During the next year or two everyone, high and low, will have become so accustomed to work that they will continue the effort, much as a top goes on spinning when once set in motion. People will discover that congenial work is decidedly less boring than continual attempts at amusement, and this will portend a social upheaval which can hardly be calculated. It is pretty obvious that the class distinctions we once worshipped will largely disappear, and that young people will earn their livings and achieve distinction in ways undreamed of.



IN FLOUNCES OF TULLE :
THE BRIDESMAID OF
1915.

A charming frock for a bridesmaid carried out in white tulle, the frills having a picot edge. The broad sash is of bleu-du-roi taffeta, and a shaded pink rose holds in the fichu in the front of the bodice. The hat is made of blue straw, lined with white and trimmed with fruit and flowers in various shades.

What Can We Do ?

England, Scotland, and Wales, just now, are inhabited by well-intentioned persons who are exclusively occupied in telling us that we are not yet sufficiently aroused in the matter of doing "our duty." Now some of us would like to tell these patriotic gentry that we are, as a matter of fact, quite sufficiently aroused, the only problem being to find some work which urgently requires doing. The better classes have cheerfully given up all sorts of things, such as weekends and wine, pretty frocks and golf, hospitality and motor-cars, chauffeurs and "maids." They spend their time (if they still have anything at the bank) in writing cheques for war charities and the Red Cross, and in attending inferior drawing-room "entertainments" got up for a like purpose. Many of the women have qualified, or are qualifying in hot London hospitals, for the coveted position of hospital nurse. Innumerable persons, male and female, are sitting on committees, organising, giving their time and their health in the cause of the war. But we are yet assured by vociferous persons that we are still asleep. If we are, I have never known a more uneasy kind of slumber. As to the supply of munitions, if Government would hire workshops or put up temporary buildings—say, in the London parks—they would find thousands of willing workers, especially among women of the leisured classes. If we were given even a hint as to what was required of us, we should be up and doing.

The Vogue for Italy.

The country of our newest Ally is always a play-garden for us, as well as for other civilised persons—a fact which aroused the unbridled anger of Signor Marinetti in the long-ago days when we used to discuss Futurism. With the fate of Louvain and Rheims before us, we may well shake in our shoes at the prospect of Venice in ruins, and a pile of stones where once were Verona and Florence. Even the Germans themselves, who have over-run the peninsula of late years in disagreeable hordes, might well pause before they lay low

these wonderful cities to which we all make a pilgrimage. The entry of Italy into the war has moved France and England strangely; we are breathless until she has mastered the Alps and descended well on the other side. It is as if a beautiful woman, in shining armour, came out to fight on our side. We literally tremble lest she should be hurt; none of the fighting Allies—not even tiny Montenegro—has captured, to the same extent, "the gallery." Already Italian is being learned in place of German; at the libraries a run has set in on Italian books—in short, our strange, somewhat inarticulate passion for a far country on the Mediterranean is expressing itself in all sorts of ways. Let us hope that Signor Marinetti—who, in his fury for Modernism (before the war), would have "razed the museums and antiquities" to the ground, in order to make of Italy a brand-new country—will not encourage the Germanic armies to commit so wanton a crime.

Matilde Serao on the Boches.

In the light of recent events it is, perhaps, not singular to find that our chief enemy has not been loved in any nation now at war with them. I fancy they were least disliked in England, but it was as travellers in foreign countries that they failed altogether to ingratiate themselves, even when spending money profusely and ostentatiously. In the Italian novelist's recent study of the Cosmopolitan Engadine, Matilde Serao has a good word—or at least a tolerant view—of all the different holiday-makers at St. Moritz except the Germans. These she describes as noisy, ill-mannered, coarse-looking, and ludicrously dressed in semi-Tyrolean costume. Clearly, long before the war there was no racial sympathy between Italy and her partner in the Triple Alliance.

Signora Serao, indeed, employs her mordant pen in "Vive la Vie" to make the Boches look ridiculous and uncivilised. I hear that Teuton excursionists used to make the beach of the Lido insufferable in past Julys. In future, Venice and her islands out on the lagoons will be freed from this incubus.



IN WHITE SATIN AND TULLE : THE BRIDE OF 1915.

A picturesque wedding-gown for a young bride, with a tight, pointed bodice of white satin and a spiral, flounced skirt of white tulle showing an under-skirt of the same material ornamented with bands of ribbon-run lace and trails of orange-blossom and roses, which also appear on the corsage. The veil is of white tulle with a border of fine lace, and is held by a wreath of orange-blossom.

BEFORE THE MIRROR

By "JEANNETTE."

"Jeannette," the well-known writer on Beauty Culture and author of "The Book of Beauty," will be pleased to help and advise any reader on matters of the Toilet. Queries should be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope and directed to "Jeannette," c/o "Before the Mirror," 43, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.

These are, undoubtedly, days of exceptional nervous strain for one and all of us. Anxiety, with its beauty-destroying influence is casting its shadow over the lives of many of us women, and while perhaps a few—the more stoical among us—can avoid worrying over past and prospective events, we may all, with a little care and forethought, succeed in preventing the results of worry from being noticeable in our appearance. To these fortunate few, this little chat will, however, be as interesting and instructive as to those who stand in real need of help in toilet matters, and may be the means of bringing to their notice some hitherto unknown method of retaining or regaining that beauty of face and figure which is the birthright of every woman. Some of the ingredients mentioned below are, at present, not generally known to the public, but any good chemist will usually be found to have a small quantity in stock.

A Beautiful Complexion by Natural Means.—The secret of a perfect complexion lies in the continual renewing of the outer cuticle of the skin. This is Nature's own method. The outer skin as it becomes coarse or shrivelled must be removed, and an opportunity given to the finer one beneath to show itself. It is because the old, dead skin is allowed to remain on the face that so many women, and even young girls, suffer from pimples, blotches, and sallow, dull skins. To remove, by absorption, the dead outer skin, and with it all blemishes, the use of mercerized wax is universally recommended, ordinary face creams being powerless for this purpose. Smear the wax over the face and neck, rub it gently into the skin, and leave it on all night. In the morning, wash it off, using Plenta soap and warm water, when all the dead skin will be removed with the wax. Then apply a lotion to prevent any trace of greasiness being noticeable and to give a peach-like bloom to the skin. A lotion to do this can be made up quite cheaply from the following recipe. Take one ounce of clemintine, and dissolve it in four table-spoonfuls of hot water. Place in a bottle, and when cool, apply to the face with the finger tips, allowing it to dry on the skin.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. B. S.—Yes, that is the trouble with so many of the so-called hair restorers. They almost invariably turn the hair a much darker colour than it originally was. You will find that tammalite, used as directed, has none of these disadvantages. Use it regularly and write me again after a month.
MARY.—I am surprised that you have not been able to obtain the phenominol for removing superfluous hair. All reliable chemists keep it. Ask your local chemist to order it for you and refuse to take the substitute he offers you.
GERTIE.—You are evidently suffering from poorness of blood and should consult a doctor. Take an iron tonic for a couple of months, then write me again.
M. W. H.—Mercerized wax will certainly assist

To Remove Blackheads.—Dissolve one effervescent stymol tablet in a glass of hot water, allow the effervescence to subside, then dip a small sponge into the liquid and mop over the face. Allow it to remain on for a few minutes, then wipe off with a towel, and the blackheads will be entirely removed. To prevent them from reappearing, use a stymol tablet in the manner described twice a week.
How to Shampoo.—Before shampooing the hair, dip the fingers into a little pure olive or almond oil, and thoroughly massage the scalp. Then dissolve a teaspoonful of stallax granules in a cup of hot water. Fill a basin with warm water into which the ends of the hair can fall, and shampoo the stallax mixture into the roots in the usual way. Then rinse and dry by fanning with a palm fan.
Grey Hair.—To restore the colour of grey or fading hair, take one ounce of concentrated tammalite, and mix it with four ounces of bay rum, apply to the hair for several nights, using a small sponge, and the hair will gradually resume its original colour. When the desired shade has been obtained, the tammalite lotion should be used about twice a week. Apply it to the roots with an old tooth brush.

NURSE M.—No, the use of collodium will not harm the most delicate skin, and is a perfectly natural tint, so that it is quite impossible to detect that the colour is not a natural one.
M. S.—No, I am afraid that you cannot remove the mole yourself. It is far too dangerous an experiment. If you feel that you really want to be rid of it consult a doctor and he will remove it with carbonic acid.
M. W. H.—Mercerized wax will certainly assist

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Looking Forward. The thrifty woman (and we ought all to be so now) thinks that, the sales being on, she can do well for herself for the future. At Peter Robinson's great emporium in Oxford Street there are many bargains in every department. What could be better for the holiday to which we are all looking forward than the "Highland" perfectly tailored coat and skirt in a choice of Scotch tweeds and in black and navy suitings—the price three guineas? Very useful and styleful is the "Grosvenor," a pretty afternoon gown in chiffon taffetas with three scalloped flounces, and collar and cuffs of fine muslin, for 59s. 6d. Silk coats are another excellent feature. These are in great variety; a heavy-weight natural Shantung with Raglan sleeves and all-round belt is being sold at 29s. 6d. A favourite department will be coates to wear with any skirts. Of these a charming example is one of Ninon with a tucked hem, and Valenciennes lace collar lined with floral or white Ninon, and having a smart satin waistband, at 12s. 11d. In hats, too, are some bargains. There are all necessities—and some luxuries—for bathing, at most moderate cost; and the bargains are not only for us, but also for men and boys and girls.

Linen and Lingerie. The great summer sale now in progress at Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver's palatial establishment in Regent Street is an opportunity for stocking the linen cupboard and providing dainty lingerie for personal wear not to be resisted. This beautiful linen is offered at the exceptionally low prices which meet the conditions in which business is now possible. There are damask linen table-cloths, 2 by 2 yards, at 9s. 3d. each; white fringed bath-towels at 8s. 11d. dozen; afternoon tea-cloths, hemstitched and with fancy drawn-thread work, 3s. 6d. each—these are a few samples of the value offered. Curtains will also be found a capital investment at this sale. Scotch net, 60 inches wide by 3 yards long, 7s. 6d. a pair—of these the stock is limited, but there are quantities equally tempting in price and appearance. Blouses are to be had in great variety and at very great reduction, some which are very dainty costing only 12s. 11d. Belgian laces are included in the sale at extraordinarily low prices. Handkerchiefs are, of course, a feature. Ladies' narrow hemstitched linen are sold for 3s. and 3s. 4d. a dozen at 12½ and 14½ inches. Embroidered with an initial, 14½ inches, they are 6s. 11d. a dozen. Men's and boys' clothing, shirts, and handkerchiefs are also included in a sale which offers very remarkable value. It is always looked forward to as a first-class opportunity, and it is more so this year than ever.

A Chance of a Lifetime. In Peter Robinson's greathouse in Regent Street there is a sale in progress which will enable smart women to go beautifully clothed for months to come at singularly small cost. The styles are more simple than they were, but none the less charming. At this sale there is choice of evening gowns in black silk net over satin charmanté, finished with bands of closely sequinned net; of chiffon taffetas with lace fichu and silk frills, of crêpe Ninon with tucked skirt and ruches of chiffon, for 79s. 6d., 5, and 6 guineas respectively. Afternoon gowns in chiffon taffeta, Ninon, etc., charmingly trimmed, of the latest fashion, and very handsome are about the same prices as those for evening. Black taffeta coats from 55s. 6d. to 89s. 6d. are splendid investments; they are French cut and of most becoming and fashionable shapes, covering the skirt almost to the hem. Covert coating and shower-proof coats from 35s. to 52s. 6d. are also most attractive and excellent value. The sale likewise affords a splendid opportunity of securing reliable furs at very small cost.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

A Diplomatist's Secret Memoirs. "The Secret Memoirs of Count Tadasu Hayashi," some time Japanese Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, are not as all-revealing as the style given to them suggests, but they are very frank, and of considerable moment as the reasoned chronicle and comment of an able diplomatist, versed in the ways and wiles of both East and West, who knew as well as anyone how to use the power of the *fudo* (the pen-brush). The Count deals fully and freely with the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, its origin, its enemies, its friends, the negotiations, and the causes of it; also with the Franco-Japanese Agreement of 1907, the Russo-Japanese Convention of 1907, the American-Japanese Agreement of 1908, and other matters; but he is most interesting, perhaps, on China, for whose traditions, it is obvious, he has the keenest respect.

Concerning China. When he went to Pekin as Minister, in 1895, his first duty was to lodge a complaint against high officials for gross disrespect: in two documents the Board of Censors referred to the Japanese as "island barbarians." An Edict of Reprimand resulted and the use of—I (barbarians) became a breach of treaty rights. Since then, things have changed outwardly, but there remain those in China who, with or without cause, fear a lingering death and would rather be beheaded than suffer the thousand slices. Count Hayashi, however, knew caution: "As the proverb says, 'The hunter who chases the deer does not see the mountain before him.'" More, he knew justice. Fully alive to his country's legitimate ambitions, he was yet able to appreciate the views and virtues of others: he was not lost in the tortuous ways of diplomacy. That is a habit of Japan.

A Source of Civilisation. "As China," he wrote, "is the fountain source of one of the greatest civilisations in the world, one must recognise that civilised institutions and customs are already there." And he went on to advise his fellows not to despise, but to find much to respect in the Chinese: to do otherwise were to ruin much diplomatic work. There is, at least, no harm in realising the good in those with whom we disagree from time to time. Yet, of a surety, there are some Japanese who will cavil at Count Hayashi's expressions of opinion.

Europe and China. A little later he suggests (in 1908) that "European influence generally is not so strong in China as it was. But if European influence is losing its position in China it is because the European Powers are always competing amongst themselves, and stultifying their own endeavours. An anti-foreign agitation . . . finds a great field, and would extend as China grew to realise her riches and resources. The heaviest sufferers would be the Powers. . . . It is high time for the Powers to take to heart the lessons of their bitter experiences. Some Japanese are so foolish as even to advise the authorities to be 'mild' in their treatment of China. . . .

Such advice is supreme folly. China is not a savage tribe in the South Sea Islands, but a great Empire, diplomatically even superior to the great Empires of Europe. . . . The way to deal with China is for the Powers to combine and insist on what they want, and go on insisting until they get it. . . ." That, remember, was written seven years ago.—As an expression of opinions, perhaps as a portrayal of facts, Count Hayashi's Memoirs will certainly have their opponents, even their bitter opponents: they are none the less valuable for that.



FOUNDER AND SECRETARY OF A CHILDREN'S AMBULANCE FUND: MISS PAMELA HENN COLLINS.

Miss Pamela Henn Collins, eldest daughter of the Hon. Stephen Henn Collins, son of the late Lord Collins (Life Peer), is the founder and secretary of a fund for children of the British Empire to provide a Red Cross ambulance for the front. This will cost £300, the whole to be subscribed by children. A considerable sum has been collected already

Photograph by L'Estrange.



IN UNUSUAL POSE: MISS MIN. GREENSTON, THE YOUNG SOUTH AFRICAN PIANIST, WHO IS PLAYING TO THE WOUNDED.

Miss Greenston has promised to play at no fewer than thirty concerts for wounded soldiers during the next three months.—[Photograph by Lallie Charles.]

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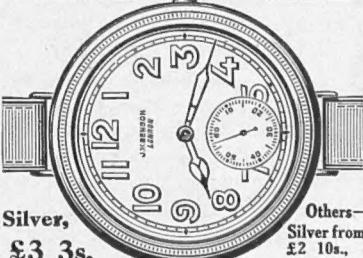
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No. M12. Gentlemen's Khaki Handkerchiefs, about 18½ inches, 1/9 dozen.

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THE WHEEL AND THE WING

LIGHTING PROBLEMS AND PERILS : SOME POINTS THAT ARE OBSCURE.

To Prevent Signalling.

Reading between the lines of the new Order in Council, made under the Defence of the Realm Act, with respect to the carrying of lamps, it is quite clear that the object in view is to prevent any possibility of signalling from the road, by alien spies, to invading aircraft. The wording of the leading paragraph of the Order is as follows : "No lamp shall without lawful authority be carried on any vehicle (other than a locomotive or carriage on a railway) which displays any coloured light except such coloured lights as may be required by any law or regulation for the time being in force." Primarily this is a sensible and necessary requirement, for obviously, as the ordinary head-lamp or side-lamp throws a white light, a special colour would have a distinctive value, would stand out prominently from the generality of white lights, and would naturally be used, therefore, by a would-be signaller.

Are Discs Illegal?

In one particular respect, however, motorists are still left in doubt as to the propriety of certain methods of dimming their lamps. After months of uncertainty as to the degree of power which they might use, they have lately been specifically told that a beam of thirty yards was a permissible maximum. To ensure the correct degree of shrouding as regards the most commonly used form of lamp, the C. A. Vandervell Company have produced and distributed, as heretofore mentioned in these columns, a gelatine disc of purple hue, designed to dim a side-lamp to the prescribed degree. Now anyone who had not seen

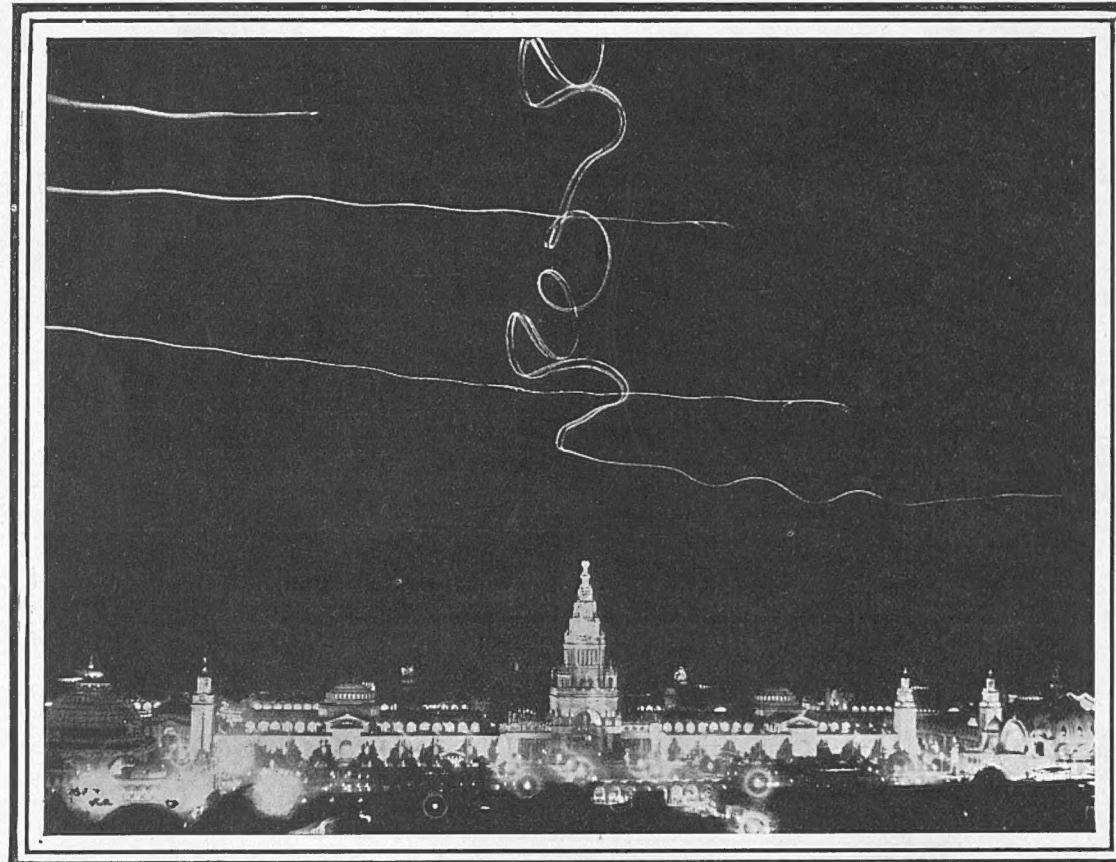
such a disc in use would naturally assume that it contravened the new Order in Council. As a matter of fact, however, the purple tinge in the disc, while sufficing to shroud the light and conceal both the bulb and the reflector, does not of itself show a purple light, for the colour disappears in reducing the power of the transmitted rays. Viewed from a short distance away, lamps thus obscured merely present a much diminished light, but undoubtedly do not produce a coloured effect, and even by a pedestrian, to say nothing of an airman at a great altitude, are indistinguishable from any other form of diminished light. Hence the question arises, are these purple discs illegal or are they not? It is much to be regretted that motorists should still be left in any doubt, for the many who have fitted the C.A.V. discs have had no other desire than that of conforming to the requirements of the case.

"Carried" or "Used"?

Nor is this the only problem which the new order raises. After a salutary proviso against the use of lamps capable of movement independent of that of the vehicle itself—which is merely a reaffirmation of the existing Local Government Board Order against the use

of searchlights—there is a further stipulation against the throwing of light "in any direction other than that in which the vehicle is proceeding or is intended to proceed." This is qualified, however, as follows : "Provided that nothing in this regulation shall be construed as affecting the red and green side-panels with which lamps used on vehicles are usually fitted." All this constitutes another dilemma for the motorist anxious to conform to the law. It is not a fact that red and green side-panels are "usually fitted" to vehicle lamps; the practice is almost entirely confined to cycle-lamps. The average motor-car side-lamp has no side-panels at all, but a small red disc at the back. This, of course, is quite invisible to an airman; but if the regulation is to be literally interpreted it makes the vast majority of motor-car lamps *ipso facto* illegal. Finally, there is an even more serious question to be considered. The order employs the word "carried," not "used." Does

this mean that a car-owner may not even have a standard electric or any other normal outfit on his car in broad daylight? On my own car, for example, I have the ordinary C.A.V. installation. As I bought the car at the beginning of this year, and have not driven at night in any county free of special lighting regulations, I have never had the head-lamps in use at all, and have not even had a chance of adjusting the focus on the road. The side-lamps I shrouded in the first instance with broad bands of deep purple, leaving a small white aperture, but removed these when I received the C.A.V. transparent discs. At the back of each side-lamp,



THE LIGHT-TRACKS OF AN ILLUMINATED 'PLANE: A CURIOUS PHOTOGRAPH OF NIGHT LIGHTS BY THE "UPSIDE-DOWN AVIATOR."

The correspondent who sends us this photograph writes : "This is a bona-fide photograph of an illuminated aeroplane-flight made by Art. Smith, the "Upside-Down Aviator," flying at night over the Panama-Pacific International Exposition in San Francisco. The illumination is unique, as it is the first photographic record of an aeroplane's course ever made on a single negative. The parallel lines were made as Art. Smith flew back and forth over the Exposition grounds while gaining a height from which to loop-the-loop and turn the strange side-spirals of which he is a master. These parallel lines apparently start or end in the dark, as from time to time the aviator shuts off the light from his aeroplane."—[Photograph by Record Press.]

however, is a small red lens. If this is in itself illegal, and if the "carrying" of lamps refers to disuse in daylight as well as use in darkness, it means that I must strip off my entire electric outfit. Is this, or is it not, the intention of the Order in Council?

What is Average Ability?

For a couple of months past that usually sane journal *Truth* has carried on a sustained but somewhat tactless attempt to magnify American cars to the detriment of British types; and, for aught one knows, the campaign may be indefinitely maintained. In its latest article at the expense of British or European methods, the journal named contends that "the transmission question is better understood in America than it is in Europe," and adduces in support a journey with a driver of "average ability" who made no fewer than twelve gear-changes between Holborn Circus and Oxford Circus. To this one can only reply that either the car was not a good one or the driver was probably not of the best. Twelve gear-changes between the points named are altogether abnormal, and a driver of "average ability," on an average British car, would as often as not make the journey without any change at all.

DIVIDENDS.

War has not only to be waged but paid for. This man's capital is employing British Labour. He has made a direct contribution to the State of one and eightpence in the pound out of the interest on his money. The remainder re-invested in British industries, or circulated in payment for British goods, again contributes indirectly to the cost of the war.

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" "	- 7,000*	T. Keep, Esq.	- 5,716
" "	- 5,600*	J. Lowe, Esq.	- 7,500*
" "	- 5,600*	" "	- 7,000*
W. P. Cook, Esq.	- 8,000*	Average	- 8,147

*These tyres were still running at date of report.

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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

THE second production of Mr. Milton Rosmer's season at the Criterion has rather puzzled the critics. Some of them speak in admiration of the truth in character-drawing of the persons in "The Road to Raebury," by Mr. Harold Brighouse; others complain of their theatricality, and call them "puppets." The point is one which the public cannot decide—nor I. All seem to agree that it is a clever, interesting piece, and amusing. Mr. Milton Rosmer's brilliant acting made a striking figure of John Bayfield Blain. We had a charming aristocrat presented by Miss Irene Rooke. In Mr. John Astley the company possesses the rare creature, an actor who can present a gentlemanlike, agreeable young fellow barely beyond his majority. Miss Dorothy Ripley acted cleverly and pleasantly as the strong-minded daughter of the financier. The so-called Boccaccian comedy by Mr. Ernest Godwin, entitled "The Devil Among the Skins," which ends the programme, is a droll affair with plenty of rough-and-tumble humour. It was played with much energy and skill by Miss Irene Rooke, Mr. Milton Rosmer, and Mr. Randle Ayrtoun.

"Oh, Be Careful!" is really our old friend, "Mlle. Tralala," under a new title, and with the names of the original authors (Georg Okonkowski and Leo Leipziger) and of the composer (Jean Gilbert) omitted. One can quite understand that managers think there will be a prejudice against works of German or Austro-German origin, but is alteration of titles or omission of names necessary? "Oh, Be Careful!" has additional numbers by Mr. Melville Gideon, and, of course, Messrs. Wimperis and H. Carrick have made alterations in the book, though, so far as memory serves me, the work in the main is what it was before, when the public found it mirthful

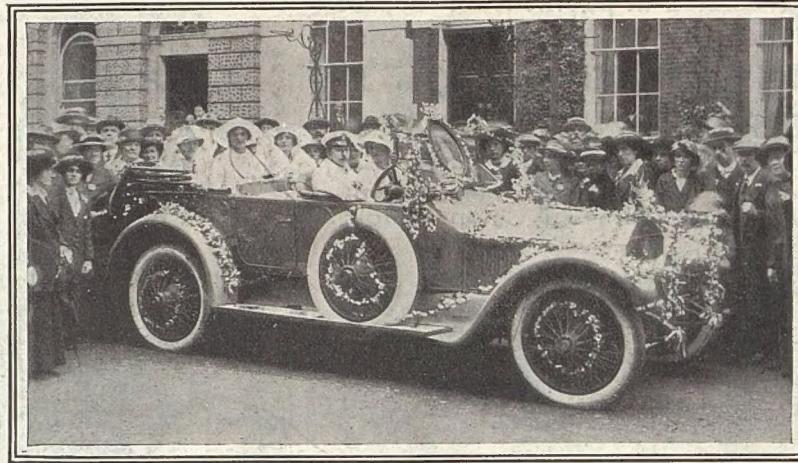
and entertaining—not exactly in the customary style of musical comedy, since it has a consistency of logic in the handling of its farcical plot quite exceptional. Miss Yvonne Arnaud appears once more as Mlle. Tralala, now "Frou Frou," and sings, dances, and acts charmingly. Mr. Courtice Pounds works admirably as the naughty old man, and his singing is a great gain to the piece; nor should one overlook the agreeable voice of Mr. Robert Blythe. Messrs. Shale and Brewer work hard and skilfully in comic parts.

Continuing his season at the New Theatre, Mr. Martin Harvey had, as a matter of course, to revive "The Only Way," for his

Sydney Carton is, perhaps, the best known and most popular of all the portraits in his gallery. It is, of course, a little sad that his new experiment with Mr. Stephen Phillips's war play did not prove more successful; but it is not surprising if "The Only Way" is preferred, for it is Mr. Martin Harvey that the audiences go to see, and in it they see him at his best. The play went excellently and was received, as always, with the greatest enthusiasm.

The new revue at the Ambassadors' is the same sort of merry and irresponsible production as the old, and even brighter, with a number of clever people. Miss Millie Sim is absent, and that is a substantial loss; but Miss Iris Hoey is in her place, and does her burlesques and parodies with much comic

ingenuity. Mr. Morris Harvey, lately of the Follies, is a very useful addition to the cast; and the old friends Mlle. Delysia, Mr. J. M. Campbell, Mr. Morton, Miss Betty Balfour, and Miss Jean Carroll are all in great form. The parodies of English, French, and American revues are excellent; and there is a wordless scene between Mlle. Delysia and Mr. Morton which is extremely clever. When scenic effects are indulged in they are very prettily managed—an Indian dance, for instance, is very effective.



WITH A GOD-DAUGHTER OF QUEEN ALEXANDRA ABOARD: A MUCH-DECORATED CAR ON ROSE DAY.

This very interesting photograph of a much-decorated 30-35-h.p. six-cylinder Napier was taken outside the Countess of Mayo's residence in Stratford Place. It was on active service all Rose Day with the Broad Street Depôt of the Alexandra Rose Day Committee. Seated at the back, nearest the camera, is Mrs. Violet Whitchurch, who was in charge of the section, and is a god-daughter of Queen Alexandra.

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Trains leave Victoria at 9.0, 10.0, 11.15 a.m., 12.0, 1.25, 3.20, 4.30, 5.20, 5.45, 6.45, and 7.45 p.m. London Bridge 9.50 and 11.50 a.m., 1.15, 2.0, 4.5, 5.5, 6.30 (not Sats.), 7.0, and 7.30 p.m.

† To Lewes and Eastbourne only.

LITTLEHAMPTON
BOGNOR
PORTSMOUTH
SOUTHSEA
ISLE OF WIGHT

Trains leave Victoria 8.55, 10.20, 11.25 a.m., 1.42, 3.55, 4.55, and 7.20 p.m.; London Bridge 10.25, 11.20 a.m., 1.50, 4.0, 4.50, and 7.15 p.m.

* Not to Isle of Wight.

Details of Superintendent of Line, L. B. and S. C. R., London Bridge.

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June 30, 1915

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